

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World

Number 359

Week Ending
JANUARY 30, 1926

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny Every Thursday 2d.

THE MAN WHO WALKED OUT TO DIE

See
Page
Seven

THE LAST DAYS OF THE UMBRELLA?

KEEPING DRY IN THE
RAIN WITHOUT IT.

A New Zealand Chemist
Foreshadows a Great Idea

OLD JONAS HANWAY

A New Zealand chemist has hit upon an invention which is said to have the power of waterproofing every material of which clothing is made. Silk, artificial silk, lisle thread, mercerised cotton, any kind of cotton, woollens, or worsted, will, when treated with this friendly chemical, become impervious to rain.

If all the chemist claims proves true he has signed the death warrant of the umbrella.

On one of those terrible days which ruined the first year of Wembley, while the Wembley thousands were sheltering in the great concrete pavilions, the wife of this New Zealand chemist stood out in the rain in her waterproofing, caring nothing what happened and as dry as a biscuit.

First Umbrella in London

It will be sad to lose the umbrella, which has been such a constant companion of our walks abroad since old Jonas Hanway first put one up in the London streets. Although for a century it has been a national emblem it did not make its way with us quickly.

Mr. Hanway (not so very old either), when he first put his umbrella up, was pelted with cabbages and eggs, by rude boys, and was long afterwards ridiculed by older people who ought to have known better. They said that holding up an umbrella to keep off the rain was such an unmanly, un-English habit. Thirty years after his pioneer work there was only one umbrella at Cambridge University, and there it was borrowed. That may be one of the reasons why, in that seat of learning to this day, undergraduates never carry umbrellas with cap and gown; only a college don may do that. Yet it was a university wit who wrote:

The rain it raineth every day
On the just and unjust fellow;
But it raineth less on the unjust
Who has stolen the just's umbrella.

Emblem of Respectability

In his later years old Jonas was able to see a more tolerant spirit dawn with regard to his umbrella. People no longer said it was unrighteous to put it up, as they had been used to saying, on the ground that unless rain were intended to wet people it would not be sent. But he died before it became really popular. Its slow progress was perhaps due to the feeling that it was somehow a foreign fad, and though in the nineteenth century it became the very emblem of respectability, and was always carried on Sundays, it never

Will the Umbrella be Closing Down?



If the idea of a New Zealand chemist comes to be fulfilled the umbrella may yet be a thing of the past, for it is claimed that all our clothing can now be made quite waterproof by chemical treatment. See next column

made its way with the masses as it has done, for example, across the Channel. In France and Switzerland every working woman takes an umbrella at the first threat of rain, a large cotton umbrella. Men and women carry it to their work in the fields.

Have its last days now come? Is Jonas Hanway's umbrella to be superseded by a New Zealand invention? It may be so. The umbrella actually began to put up its shutters during the war and has never been the same power since. On the other hand there is the hat question to be taken into consideration. The chief duty of an umbrella is to shield a lady's hat. Stockings are but an after-thought; and though stockings may be made to throw off water like a duck's back, a hat treated with chemical waterproofing would perhaps be a poor thing for a lady to wear at a garden party, when, as so often happens, the weather is uncertain.

Perhaps the umbrella may stay with us a little longer, and when Macaulay's New Zealander in centuries to come stands on the ruins of London Bridge he may find among them still a few relics of the native umbrella if not of the alien Russian boot.

CHILD HOOLIGANS One of Russia's Cruel Problems

One of the most terrible of all the terrible problems which war, famine, and pestilence have brought on Russia is that of the little orphan waifs. There are many thousands of them in the streets of Moscow alone, and there are said to be three hundred thousand in the whole of Russia.

These poor little ones have no homes and no belongings. They live by begging and stealing. They are banded into gangs, and are a terror to the city and a terror to each other. If they are allowed to grow up unreformed they will form a great criminal class, and a peril of the gravest kind not only to Russia but to her neighbours.

Yet if they are put into children's homes they terrorise the other children, and the teachers, too, till they make their escape and return to their old haunts. There have been attempts to put them into farm colonies, but the Government have not the trained overseers such places require. Peasants are encouraged to adopt them, and are paid for doing so, but there is no great readiness to take them.

THE FORGOTTEN PLANTER

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN
A RICH MAN DIED

The Business People Who
Overlooked a Little Island

KING'S MAIL CALLS IN TIME.

On a palm-fringed isle in the Pacific a planter with wife and children works with his native labourers at the task of obtaining copra from the coconuts for the European markets.

In England a great employer of labour, a captain of industry, dies. Everyone has heard of him; and his name, which was on every packet of soap, is recalled when his death becomes an item of news in the world's newspapers. There would not seem to be much connection between the death of the man whom everyone knew and the planter of whom no one had heard, yet there was. The death of the one nearly proved the end of the other, working half a world away.

The New Company Forgot

It happened in this way. When some of the Lever undertakings changed hands last year the planter on the Pacific island and his plantation formed part of one of them. The old company had regularly kept in touch with its employee, taking his copra, paying his wages, and sending him food supplies. The new company sold the plantation, but forgot the planter.

There he was for eight months, as forgotten and nearly as forlorn as if he had been shipwrecked. And he might be forgotten still but for the mail. Letters accumulated for the planter at Suva, in Fiji, which is the distributing office for the scattered inhabited islands of the Pacific.

In course of time the mail steamer Aorangi set out on its postal patrol with all the letters for Mr. Schafer, Hull Island. As the vessel approached the pretty islet the passengers lined the Aorangi's side to see the planter brought aboard. The planter stood up and waved his hat. The passengers almost cheered. But what was the white man shouting?

No Boat for Eight Months

"I've been forgotten," came his hoarse voice. "Not a boat for eight months. No supplies." His voice broke, and then the passengers, staring at him, perceived his gaunt cheeks, his sunken eyes. The man was starving.

That was what had happened. He and his wife and children, all of them down with fever, had been obliged to live on bananas, coconuts, and native potatoes, and had indeed all but starved. The native boys had done better on the vegetarian bill of fare, but some of them were sick too. The Aorangi put things right, left provisions, and wirelessed to Fiji for a rescue ship. Schafer and his family are now surrounded by plenty, but if it had not been for the Post Office they might never have survived.

SEALED BEFORE THE PYRAMID

GREAT DISCOVERY IN EGYPT

Opening the Doors Closed Six
Thousand Years Ago

TOMB OF SENEFRU

We are only just beginning to read the Great Book of the Past. Now another page has been turned in Egypt. Men have opened a tomb which was sealed before the Great Pyramid was built at Gizeh.

Nothing more dramatic has happened for a long time. While the golden coffin of Tutankhamen was being carried under armed guard to Cairo men were busy close by at a tomb in the shadow of the Great Pyramid, where a king sleeps who was ruling 2000 years before King Tutankhamen came to the throne.

Hidden House of the Dead

Experts believe that here is the Everlasting House of King Senefru, who was in his day what Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon were in theirs.

This discovery, hinted at last March, was made by the Harvard-Boston Expedition under Dr. George A. Reisner.

This tomb was one of the most carefully hidden houses of the dead ever found in Egypt. The two assistants, Allan Rowe, a South African, and J. T. Greenlees, an Australian, found their way into it after stubborn and repeated attacks. They had cleared away mud and debris from the rock surface about 200 yards east of the Great Pyramid.

In a Golden Chamber

They came on a bed of plaster of Paris, cut it away, and found a flight of steps cut in the limestone that seemed to have no meaning at all. The steps led nowhere. These two men knew that in the days before the Pyramid Kings royal tombs were subterranean chambers approached by a flight of steps. They knew that they were on the track of a carefully hidden tomb, and they began to scratch the rock where the steps ended. At last they found in the limestone a joint, so thin that a piece of paper could hardly lie between the blocks. Underneath the limestone were blocks of another kind of stone. It took the two men weeks to quarry them out. Then they found a niche in the wall forty feet down in the shaft, and in the niche was the roughly embalmed head of a bull.

They went on opening the shaft for ninety feet, found themselves at a wall which sounded hollow, and chipped it away. And there they were looking down through a hole they had made in the roof into a golden chamber where they could see, by the help of their torches, a sarcophagus. They got stronger lights and mirrors, and, focusing the Sun's rays on the shaft, peered again into the room of the dead.

The Heart of the Secret

They spied a gold canopy over the sarcophagus, gold objects on the floor, gold everywhere. They also spied another door, which meant that this might be an antechamber, with the heart of the secret lying beyond.

We shall be hearing much more of this marvellous discovery. We must not expect another mummy if the tomb proves to be the House of the Dead of Senefru, for he lived before the Egyptians had perfected the art of embalming. More probably there will be, with a beautiful statue of the dead king, many art treasures, laid there to keep the Spirit of Senefru company in the long years of silence.

RICH MAN RICHER THAN HE KNEW

Surprising Fortune for a Museum

A GREAT PUBLISHER'S LEGACY

People are wondering why Mr. Munsey, the great American publisher who has just died, left over seven million pounds to a single museum. It appears that when he was making his will five years ago he had no idea that this would be the result.

Five years ago he was not anything like as rich as when he died. He was not then, for instance, the owner of the New York Sun and the Evening Telegram, two immensely valuable properties. He left fifty thousand pounds to friends and relations, sixty thousand to business colleagues, fifty thousand to a college, twenty thousand to one hospital and ten thousand to another, and whatever might be left over to the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts in New York.

It is supposed that if he had realised how much that residue would be he would have found some more colleges or hospitals or museums to share it. But he did not realise it, or if he did mean to change it he put it off from day to day. And so the New York Art Museum has become one of the richest of the endowed institutions of the world. Europe will have to look more sharply than ever after its Old Masters.

FATHER AND SON

A Meeting in Mid-Air

To catch and hold a falling man in mid-air must require extraordinary strength and agility, but to do it while standing with only one foot on a high ladder is an almost unbelievable feat.

Yet that is what a labourer named Thomas Leaver did at Feniscowles, near Blackburn, the other day. Three plasterers were working on a scaffold round a house when the scaffolding gave way. One broke a leg and another sprained an ankle; the third was caught as he fell, by a man reaching out from a ladder.

When the man on the ladder looked at the man he had saved he found it was his own son!

THE ARISTOCRATIC RABBIT

To England with the Conqueror

The British rabbit would seem to be as British as British can be, but it is not.

There were no rabbits in England when the Romans ruled over the Ancient Britons. Even in Anglo-Saxon times it is said that no rabbits were to be seen.

Like our nobility (or some of them) they came over with the Conqueror. So at least says our friend Professor J. A. Thomson, who knows all about it if anyone does. And yet people talk of stewed rabbit as a common dish! Clearly they must cease to do so.

HOW DOES THE WEIGHBRIDGE WORK?

The C.P. Explains

At railway goods stations and other places we often see a metal platform let into the ground and rocking slightly when we step on it. This is the platform of a weighbridge, and is used for weighing vans and motor-lorries.

Beneath the platform and inside the checkweighman's hut lies hidden the remarkable mechanism of the weighbridge; and in this week's C.P. its working is plainly shown in a series of pictures.

The explanation of mechanical wonders is one of the great reasons for the popularity of the C.P.

CHILD OF A VANISHED RACE

DAUGHTER OF A LINE OF KINGS

The People Who Fled to the
Crater when Proud Cortes Came

VESUVIUS IN OTHER DAYS

There is a little Mayan girl in England whose ancestors were kings of a great civilised people in Central America while the Moors ruled in Spain and Columbus was unborn.

When stout Cortes conquered Mexico 400 years ago these Mayan people fled to the interior and hid in the crater of an extinct volcano—Panchimalco.

There, safe, unenterprising, unambitious, dogged by disease and all the penalties of sloth, they have ever since slowly degenerated and decreased, and are now almost on the point of extinction, knowing nothing save the affairs of their own crater world.

Storied Volcanoes

Meanwhile little twelve-year-old Emilia Vasquez, an orphan daughter of that ancient line of kings, is being brought up in England, and has made her bow to a learned audience at the British Museum. But it is of her tribe away in the Central West in their volcano valley that we think, and of another crater in Central Africa where dwell lions and leopards, deer and antelopes, and great gorillas.

The thought of storied volcanoes is naturally in the mind when we have Vesuvius raging over Naples again, and with smoke clouding the sky, with lava streaming, and eruptive forces splitting the solid rock, threatening another of those outbursts which have made such terrible misery. As we write two gallant scientists, one from Naples and one from Cambridge, have been descending into the fiery crater to note the actual conditions and possibilities.

When Vesuvius Awakened

There was a time when Vesuvius, a very ancient volcano, had slept so long as to seem as innocently dead as those in which little Emilia Vasquez's people and the African wild beasts dwell. Vines and magnificent trees completely covered the 4000-foot slopes of the mountain, and neither document nor tradition existed to tell that the peaceful hill had ever emitted fire and fury. It seemed as solid as Snowdon.

Indeed when Spartacus, the revolting Roman gladiator, first began his campaign for freedom, he hid his fellow-slaves in what we now know to have been the ancient crater of Vesuvius. He was besieged there, and escaped only by brilliant courage and strategy.

For still another 150 years Vesuvius slept all unsuspected, with its forest, its vineyards, its temple to Hercules. And then, one August afternoon in A.D. 79, old Pliny, looking up at the mountain with whose outline he was so familiar, was startled by a curious sight: a cloud, as it seemed, of unusual size and shape, clearly perceptible across the Bay of Naples, appeared to crown one of the heights.

Brave Old Pliny

The old soldier-scholar did not know what it was; he did not even associate it with Vesuvius. It looked like a spectral stone-pine tree, with a trunk of unearthly height, with strange, swirling branches on top, the whole continually changing in hue and outline and shading from grimmest black to flaming brightness.

He himself rowed across the bay to see what it could mean, and was killed by the deadly fumes and ashes. Brave old Pliny was done to death before he could learn that his beloved Vesuvius was a volcano and that it had now stirred from centuries of slumber to bury Pompeii and Herculaneum. So in 1926, with Vesuvius madly active once more, we think of A.D. 79 and wonder and fear.

IS STEAM DOOMED ON THE RAILWAY?

Diesel Engine and Its Possibilities

A REVOLUTION THAT MAY COME

In ten years there will be no more steam locomotives in Russia or America, says Sir Henry Thornton, President of the Canadian National Railways. A Russian professor has been telling us why this may be so.

Professor Lomonosoff has been Under-Secretary for Transport under the Tsar, under Kerensky, and under the Bolsheviks. Now he is a professor at the Technological Institute at Kiev, and has been in England on holiday. He says that 1925 will go down to history not only as the centenary year of the locomotive steam engine but as the year of the birth of the locomotive Diesel engine.

Electricity and Oil

The Russian Government has had this new kind of engine on trial since January last year, and it has run thirty thousand miles with the utmost success. Diesel engines work by explosions inside the cylinders, like a petrol motor-car engine, except that, instead of petrol gas being exploded by an electric spark, fine particles of heavy oil are exploded by being shot into compressed air, air so compressed that it is hot enough to fire the oil.

The Diesel engine burns less than a quarter of the fuel of the steam engine and requires no water. Hitherto the steam engine's most serious competitor has been electricity brought from a central station by rail or wire, and the reason it has been able to hold its own against this competition has been because it is self-contained. But the Diesel engine is also self-contained, and between electricity and oil the steam engine is believed to be doomed—at least wherever electricity and oil are cheap and plentiful.

THINGS SAID

There should be a great national stock-taking.
Mr. T. P. O'Connor

It is as easy to pronounce correctly as incorrectly.
Dr. Pastor

America and Britain have no future worth speaking about save in world service.
Rev. S. W. Hughes

Work hard to live long.

Mr. William Walker, aged 104

If St. Paul had lived in this generation he would have become a journalist.

The Pope

Our chief faults in this country are claptrap, contented ignorance, and intellectual insincerity.
Dean Inge

It is foolish for boys to smoke because it makes their hearts very irritable.
Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter

Wonders have been done in saving life among infants, but what are we to do with the infants we are saving?
Professor Leonard Hill

I would rather take the popular verdict of the Anglo-Saxon race than that of any other in the world.
Mr. J. B. Atkins

Lord Oxford, in his lucidity, his phrasing, his felicity, is a Roman. It requires but little stretch of imagination to picture him addressing the Roman Senate in its greatest day.

The Prime Minister

America is bringing up a new generation which does not know the taste of drink.
President of the B.W.T.A.

A million children at school are so physically and mentally defective as to be unable to benefit from education.

Vice-Chairman of British Association Council

PENILESS MAN BECOMES KING

THE CONQUEROR OF CENTRAL ARABIA

Arab Ruler Driven from the Holy City of the Moslems

THE WAHABIS AND THEIR LEADER

The Wahabi Sultan, Ibn Saud, has been proclaimed King in Mecca.

A penniless exile 25 years ago, he has conquered Central Arabia from the Persian Gulf to the Red Sea and has driven the King of the Hejaz from his throne. A few years ago he was an unknown Arab sheik; today he is one of the leading figures in the Middle East. To him almost more than to any man is due the remarkable revival of Arabia since the war.

For centuries the freedom-loving Arabs have been ground beneath the heel of the Turk. Though fighting did not often take place, there was deep hatred against the Turks in the heart of every Arab. Once their country had been flourishing and prosperous, the head of the Moslem world. From the moment the Turks became the recognised leaders of Islam Arabia began to fall behind.

Home Rule for Arabia

The Arab chance came with the Great War. The Sultan of Turkey joined Germany and Austria and tried to rally all Moslems, whether in Turkey or Egypt, in Arabia or India, to do the same. He failed miserably. Indian and Egyptian Moslems remained loyal to Britain, while the Arabs seized the opportunity to shake off the Turkish yoke. When the European Powers in the war began to talk of self-government and the rights of small nations the Arabs quickly caught up the idea and began to cry: Home Rule for Arabia! and Arabia for the Arabs! The slogan passed from lip to lip, and before long a new fire was lit in the hearts of the whole Arab people.

An Arabian Cromwell

Who should be their leader? Scarcely had they begun to ask the question when Hussein, King of the Hejaz, the most important kingdom in Arabia, made a bid for the position. It looked as if he might become a kind of Sultan of Arabia until, in 1924, he was defeated and compelled to abdicate by Ibn Saud and the Wahabis. At once the eyes of all were turned to this new leader and the warlike people he commanded.

The Wahabis might be described as the Puritans of Arabia and Ibn Saud as the Arabian Cromwell. The Wahabis are really a religious sect who live according to a strict rule of faith. Their zeal for their religion is fanatical and their great object is to purify it of the many corruptions which have grown up during the years of Turkish leadership. About 1913 Ibn Saud became Emir of Nejd and Hassa in Central Arabia and head of the Wahabis.

Father and Son Deposed

He first set about strengthening his own kingdom, and before long date-palm groves and cornlands stretched for miles around his capital, Riyadh. Next he turned his attention to Mecca and Medina, the holy places of Islam, and by 1924 he had wrested these from King Hussein. A week or two ago he captured Jeddah, the port of Mecca, and forced Hussein's son Ali to abdicate and flee from the Holy City as his father had done.

Today Ibn Saud is King of Arabia. An able, ambitious man, he has been steadily pressing toward this end for 20 years and more. A zealous, puritanical Moslem, he yet admits non-Moslems to his Court. In the last year or two more than one medical missionary has been invited to the capital, and one of them has been asked to attend Ibn Saud himself.

LONDON'S GREAT PICTURE SHOW



Gassed



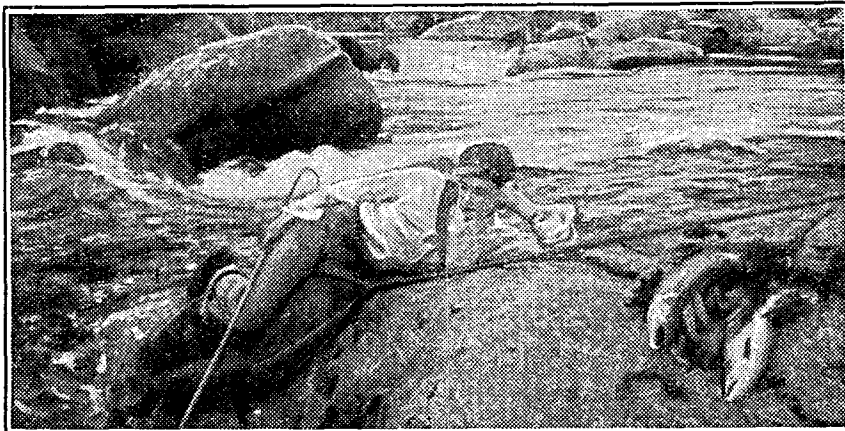
The son of Sir George Lewis



Lady Agnew of Lochnaw



The Countess of Rocksavage



On His Holidays

One of the most remarkable picture exhibitions ever organised is now to be seen at the Royal Academy in London, where over 600 paintings and drawings by that great modern master Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A., gathered from public and private galleries in many countries, are on view. Here are some of the most noteworthy pictures

Copyright is reserved for the owners by Walter Judd, Ltd. The picture of Lady Agnew is given by courtesy of the National Gallery of Scotland, that of Gassed by courtesy of the Imperial War Museum, and On His Holidays by permission of the Trustees of the Lady Lever Collection.

MYSTERY ROUND AN EMPTY THRONE

WHAT LIES BEHIND THE BANK-NOTES?

Story of a Plot to Bring Back Kings to Hungary

A VERY STRANGE CASE

A great mystery has grown up suddenly around the empty throne of Hungary, and the whole of that country is excited about it. Yet it is, on the face of it, no more than a question of forged bank-notes. Why, then, all the recent excitement?

The answer has to do with the fact that people who want to overthrow Governments by violence need money to buy arms and pay soldiers; and one way to get money, if you are clever and wicked enough and do not mind taking risks, is to forge bank-notes.

Government and the Plot

Some people in Hungary who want to bring back the Hapsburgs to the empty throne have been arrested for forgery of this kind, and this has given rise to the belief that there is a widespread conspiracy in which the whole Royalist Party is involved. It is suggested that the aim of the plot is not only to put a king on the throne again but to reconquer the lands taken from Hungary after the war, and it is said that forging notes is the method chosen for raising the money.

The Hungarian Government has issued a statement expressing its disbelief in this idea, but the answer of its critics is that the Government itself is in the plot. We must wait and see, but the Government does not seem to be behaving as if it were guilty, for it has made a large number of arrests, and has all the appearance of investigating the matter without fear or favour.

A Prince Under Arrest

Certainly some very remarkable arrests have been made. One of the prisoners is the Chief of Police himself. Another is a prince who was a friend of the late Emperor.

The work of forging the notes is alleged to have been carried on in the establishment where the Government maps are produced, which is in the charge of an ex-Prime Minister. The forgeries are imitations of the thousand-franc notes of the Bank of France, and it was the arrest in Holland of men who had been sent out to put them into circulation which put the bank on the track of the conspiracy. The bank communicated with the Hungarian Government, and it has since thanked the Government for its prompt action.

Hungary and the Allies

Hungary has never yet decided since the war whether she wishes to be a Republic or a Monarchy. At present the throne is simply considered vacant, and the acting head of the State, Admiral Horthy, is called Regent. The whole question has been postponed "till such time as the people are freed from external pressure," which means till the Allies allow a free choice. Meanwhile Hungary has given an undertaking not to restore the Hapsburgs and not to decide on the election of a king without the consent of the Allies.

All the States to which Hungary had to give up territory are strongly opposed to a restoration of the kingship, which they believe would be a direct threat to them, as it probably would be, and sensible people in Hungary recognise that the idea is not practical politics at present. Politicians who are open believers in the Hapsburg claims deny that the people who have been arrested for the forgeries have any connection with their party.

PETER PAN'S PLANET EARTH STILL IN ITS CHILDHOOD

Probably a Thousand Million
Million Years to Come

THE ORDER OF THINGS

One of the greatest authorities on the Earth and its past has been talking to the scientists of America of what he believes about this Infant Earth.

Dr. Moulton, who is Professor of Astronomy at Chicago University; was the first to uphold the idea that the Sun began to be the parent of a family of planets when some dark, extinguished star from outer space charged past it and twisted it into the semblance of a Catherine-wheel with flaming arms. He has now told the American Association for the Advancement of Science that this event must have happened not less than 2000 million years ago.

A Remote Chance

Other astronomers are not so sure that the Earth, or the Solar System of which it is an offspring, began in this way, because the chances that one star, blazing or extinct, should run into another seem so very small. The way out of that difficulty is to suppose that the stars were once closer together, and so ran more risk of collision than now. But so far as astronomers can tell the accident cannot happen again for a thousand million years, so that the Earth has at least that span of life-time left to it.

Old and Young Planets

It is interesting to take these passages from Professor Moulton's address, which was of very great interest:

From the debris of the aged planets infant planets are born and start on their million billion-year careers. Planets have their average age as do human beings. But some of the millions of other planets are many thousands of times as old as the Earth, and it is highly unreasonable to suppose that some of them are not inhabited by beings vastly more advanced in intellect, in character, in power, in social organisation, and in control over the forces of Nature than men are.

We often hear the origin of life spoken of as if it started with some full-grown one-celled being. The probabilities are that evolution went on for vast periods of time before the unicellular life that we know existed. The one-celled organisms that we see under the microscope are composed of billions of molecules. The microscopic organism is as much greater than the molecule as an elephant is greater than the microscopic being.

The Orderly Universe

When the Earth was formed there were conditions suitable for every variety of chemical and physical activity, and it seems likely that the process of life organisation started at once in countless places. It is probable that process is still going on.

But it is significance and not size that matters. The thing that impresses me most is not the immense size of that part of the physical universe which we have explored, nor its long duration, nor the great forces at play, but the fact that it is orderly. The fundamental basis on which science rests is the Orderliness of the Universe.

These are Dr. Moulton's ideas, and they are being discussed with the respect which is due to his authority. If they are all accepted as likely the Earth has barely lived a half-millionth of its life. A man whose lifetime reaches the Psalmist's allotted span of 70 years has lived a half-millionth of his life when he is little more than an hour old. That, by comparison, may serve to show what an infant this old Earth is. Its life till now is far less than "an evening gone."

THE MOTHER OF OUR MOTHERLAND

BY THE PRIME MINISTER

The Prime Minister has been talking of Rome and the help classical studies may bring to the ordinary man, and we give some of the more striking passages from his eloquent address.

It was not for nothing that Western Europe was forged on the anvil of Rome, and who can say how much we owe to those long years of Roman law, Roman discipline, Roman faith, and partnership in a common Empire?

During the first four centuries of the present era Roman thought and Roman manners imposed themselves upon our island and made themselves a home here. Rome must have seemed very real and present to the children of the near-by hamlets as they saw the great roads creeping towards them, past them, and ever onward in ruthless and undeviating course, making the farthest ends of the island pervious to the legions' tread.

On a Roman Highway

Shy traffickers coming from wild fastnesses as they chanced upon a Roman highway and, shading their eyes with their hands, saw it pass into the horizon must have been awed at the thought of the great heart that beat at the end of that giant artery. Beautiful buildings, kindly plants and flowers, now so familiar, came in the wake of the Eagles and sank their foundations and their roots in English soil.

Mr. Baldwin said the greatest problem in all history for the scholar and statesman was that of the rise and fall of the Roman Empire. The Roman character played its part in both rise and fall, and the strength of the Roman character lay in its innate and affectionate reverence for authority, its impersonal devotion to duty, and its fine balance of judgment.

These qualities were the foundation of a patriotism so holy that it was never paraded and sought no reward. The highest gifts devoted to public service were expected; to dedicate and employ them for the sake of the Republic was merely your duty.

A Cause for Anxiety

It would be an interesting study to trace the changes in the Roman character which accompanied the social developments through the chequered history of the Empire. It is from Ammian, who wrote while the legions were leaving Britain, that we learn that the Roman word could no longer be trusted.

This is to me a far more significant portent than the aggregation of the population in cities, the immense luxury, and the exhaustion of the permanent sources of wealth, all of which combined to sap that very character whose continued existence was necessary for the life of the State. We hear through these later centuries cries with which we are only too familiar today—cries against

the burden of armaments and the weight of taxation.

But, above and beyond these things, dangerous and symptomatic as they are, we detect a greater cause for anxiety. It would almost appear that the human stock is like the stock of fruit trees, where the best kinds tend to work themselves out after many generations of useful and productive service.

There are fears among those who are responsible for government today, fears not yet gripping us by the throat but taking grisly shape in the twilight, that the Great War, by the destruction of our best lives in such numbers, has not left enough of the breed to carry on the work of the Empire. Our task is hard enough, but it will be accomplished; yet who in Europe does not know that one more war in the West and the civilisation of the ages will fall with as great a shock as that of Rome? She has left danger signals along the road; it is for us to read them.

First Lessons in Citizenship

Believing, as I do, that much of the civilisation and culture of the world is bound up with the life of Western Europe, it is good for us to remember that we Western Europeans have been in historical times members together of a great Empire, and that we share in common, though in differing degrees, language, law, and tradition. That there should be wars between nations who learned their first lessons in citizenship from the same mother seems to me fratricidal insanity.

It should rather be our endeavour to help ourselves and to help each other to recover those qualities of character so peculiar to the Romans. On such foundations alone can civilisation be built; on such foundations alone can civilisation stand.

Rome's Youngest Son

I like to feel that the fortune of the youngest son is ours. I like to picture the procession of the nations through the ages as a great relay race of heroes. Over a course infinitely hard, with little experience to guide her, Rome ran her mighty race bearing her torch on high. Of those who came before, of those who followed after, none ran so far, none so surely. And when her course was run the torch came into other hands, who bore it forward according to the strength and guidance that was in them until after many centuries it was passed to us, the youngest son.

Our race is not yet run. But we shall run more worthily so long as we base our lives on the stern virtues of the Roman character and take to ourselves the warnings she left for our guidance.

LET THE GREAT CITY REAPPEAR

If the words Mussolini has spoken to the new Governor of Rome are as well carried out as some other of the Dictator's recommendations, then his name will be honoured after the Fascists have become a curious memory.

The great man told the Governor to sweep away the lumber which many centuries of forgetfulness or mistaken ideas of improvement have crowded about the buildings and highways of Imperial Rome.

Tramways, with their inflexible rails, have made the ancient streets narrower; tawdry shops and dwelling houses have leaned up against ancient temples; rubbish has accumulated round the proudest monuments of old time; and not the least of the excrescences are the pretentious buildings of stucco which tasteless town councillors have erected. Sweep them all away, Signor Mussolini

commanded, with a wave of his hand. Clear a space round the Augusteum, the Theatre of Marcellus, the Capitol. Let there be a broad and shining way from the Piazza Colonna to the Pantheon, that glorious resting-place of the great, with the opening in the roof through which the swallows dart against the blue sky. Make a new road to Rome from the rebuilt part of Ostia, and so join to the sea the city which should be as powerful and glorious as in the First Empire of Augustus Caesar.

If only it could be done with a wave of the hand! But growths of ugliness are usually the most expensive to remove, as we find in our own Imperial City, where there is not even a broad unhindered highway from Ludgate Circus to St. Paul's, and where Charing Cross Bridge still sprawls like a dragon over the Thames.

NEITHER SEEING NOR HEARING

HELEN KELLER TOURS
HER COUNTRY

The Astonishing Triumph of a Very Remarkable Woman BLIND AND DEAF AND DUMB

We used to hear in England a few hundred years ago of the Royal Progress of a sovereign through the shires. A more than royal progress is being made now in America.



Helen Keller

Helen Keller, blind, deaf, and dumb, is touring in the States. She is not going for her own pleasure. She is wanting two million dollars for her friends the blind people. And, of course, she will get them.

If there is anything that makes one feel proud of the human heart and will and brain it is the thought of Helen Keller, who has probably triumphed over greater odds than any other woman alive.

When Helen was a baby, not quite two years old, she was stricken down by a fearful illness. From that day, though by a marvellous effort she has conquered speech, she has not heard a sound or seen a thing. Yet in her dark and silent world she has raised herself upon a throne; and she is truly a queen, peerless, famous, known and admired the world over.

Helen was born in 1880. The first ten years of her life were harder for her parents than for herself. She grew into a self-willed and mischievous girl, the trial of the home. Fortunately her people were fairly well-to-do. They got a teacher from a famous Institute for the Blind at Boston, Miss Sullivan, and Helen was placed in her care.

A Hard Task

For a time Miss Sullivan almost despaired of doing anything with the child. Helen was what we should call bursting with energy. "She is never still a moment (wrote Miss Sullivan). She is here, there, and everywhere. Her hands are in everything, but nothing holds her attention long. Dear child, her restless spirit gropes in the dark. Her untaught, unsatisfied hands destroy whatever they touch because they do not know what else to do with things."

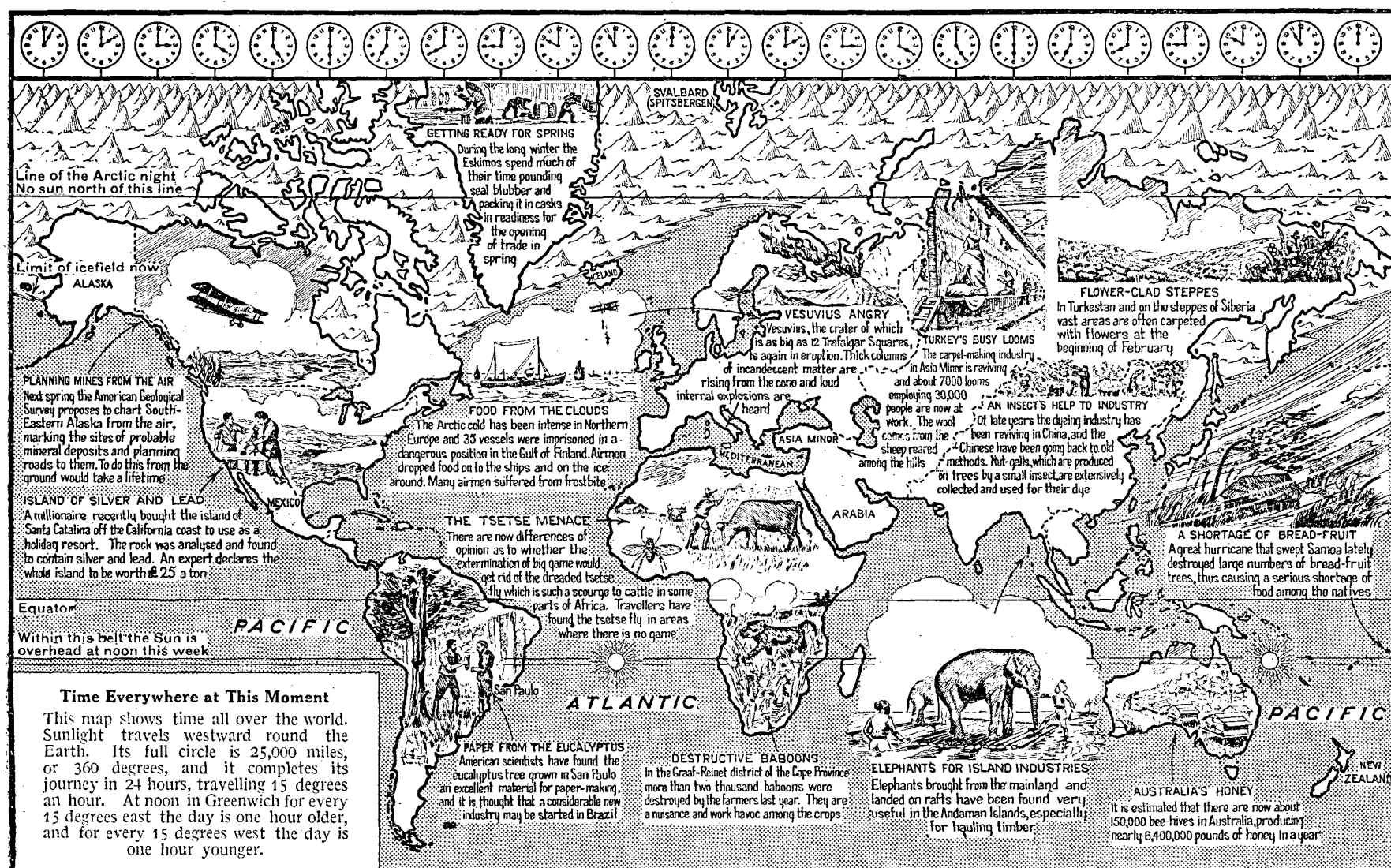
Miss Sullivan began teaching Helen simple words, spelling the letters into the palm of her hand according to the single-hand manual alphabet for the deaf and dumb. For a time the child could not understand. Then one day Miss Sullivan put one of Helen's hands into a pail of water and the other hand spelled the word. Somehow the mystery of language was revealed to this child. She realised that w-a-t-e-r meant that cool something her other hand was playing in. Her intensely acute brain slowly awoke. In three months she could write a letter.

Learning to Speak

At that time she could only make a few incoherent sounds, but her parents brought to the house an expert in teaching deaf mutes, and Helen learned to speak by passing her hand lightly over the teacher's face and feeling her tongue and lips while she was speaking.

Now her activities had an outlet. She hungered to know the names and the story of everything. Today she knows five languages, has mastered science, philosophy, literature, mathematics. She is Miss Helen Keller, B.A.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



SWAZILAND IN MOURNING

A Queen and Her Treasures

South Africa has lost a very picturesque figure, Naba Tsibeni, the Queen-Regent of Swaziland.

She was about 70 when she died at her kraal, Zombadi, and for thirty years she had ruled her people well.

It was not an easy task steering the affairs of a native State through the troubled sea of South African politics. Naba Tsibeni had helped her husband during his lifetime, and when he died in 1889 she took full charge of affairs. Not many years afterwards her son died. The mother carried on, and did not consider it her duty to relinquish State affairs until her grandson Sobhuza was made Paramount Chief in 1921.

The great event in the Queen-Mother's life came when, at her own request, Swaziland passed under British protection in 1901.

She was recognised as a great lady and had distinguished visitors from time to time. The Prince of Wales sent her an eiderdown.

Naba Tsibeni was a great autocrat in her way, and exacted strict obedience from her followers. Like everybody else, she had her queer little ways. It pleased her to bury a good many of her treasures in the ground of her kraal.

WHY THE TRAIN STOPPED

Grasshoppers on the Line

Millions of grasshoppers are devastating the crops and countryside around Bathurst, in New South Wales.

A heavy goods train was recently passing through this district when a stoppage occurred, and when the train officials got out to find out the cause they were amazed to discover that the grasshoppers were so thick along the rails that it was impossible for the engine to take a slight grade owing to the greasy state of the rails. Before the train could be started again the men had to shovel the pests off the lines.

THE EVENING BELL

By the Prime Minister

We take this fine passage from the conclusion of the striking address given by the Prime Minister to the Classical Association.

I remember many years ago standing on the terrace of a beautiful villa near Florence. It was a September evening, and the valley below was transfigured in the long rays of the declining Sun.

Then I heard a bell, such a bell as never was on land or sea, a bell whose every vibration found an echo in my innermost heart. I said to my hostess, "That is the most beautiful bell I ever heard." "Yes," she replied, "it is an English bell." And so it was.

For generations its sound had gone out over English fields giving the hours of work and prayer to English folk from the tower of an English abbey, and then came the Reformation, and some wise Italian bought the bell whose work at home was done and sent it to the valley of the Arno, where after four centuries it stirred the heart of a wandering Englishman and made him sick for home.

Thus the chance word of a Latin inscription, a line in the Anthology, a phrase of Horace, or a "chorus ending of Euripides" plucks at the heart strings and stirs a thousand memories.

SURPRISE IN A COAL TRUCK

A Sheep's Adventures

After a week's railway journey in a coal truck a sheep was discovered beneath ten tons of coal at Swansea.

While the truck was being unloaded the men were amazed to find the animal moving under the coal. It was alive, but quite exhausted, and covered with coal dust. After being fed and washed, however, the sheep recovered.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Ceres See-reez
Regulus Reg-u-lus
Themistocles The-mis-to-kleez

DAWN OF A NEW DAY

The Example of Long Ago

We take this passage from an address by Dr. McElroy, Professor of American History at Oxford.

If America in 1815, with the sound of the guns still ringing in her ears, could say to Great Britain, "Let us blot out armaments on the Great Lakes," is there not justification for England saying with greater confidence, only a few years after the struggle in which we fought side by side, "Let us apply this idea to the oceans which divide and disunite the nations of the world"?

I know what the popular verdict in America would be; you know what it would be in Great Britain; and it is that knowledge which enables us to see, in spite of the chaos of a wrecked world, the dawn of a new day. To say that popular verdicts are wrong is to say that free government has failed. It has not failed; it is on trial. We have not yet touched the hem of the garment of the possibilities of the thing we call popular government, but, while the past has been ours, the future belongs to mankind.

BRIGAND'S 30 YEARS OF FREEDOM

Caught at Last

The romantic island of Sicily has always been notorious for its brigands.

Brigandage has been so constant there that the people have almost come to accept it as a national institution, but there are signs now that robber chiefs will soon be a thing of the past. A big band of militia and carabinieri have lately blockaded the Madonian Mountains for four months, with the result that a notorious brigand named Ferrarello has been captured.

Ferrarello had been swooping down from his mountain stronghold and raiding the surrounding country for no less than 33 years, a state of affairs that would have been impossible in England even five centuries ago.

THE GIPSY CHILD

Following Him About with a School

AN EXPERIMENT IN THE SURREY HILLS

Though it has been the law of England for fifty-five years that every child must go to school, no one hitherto has found a way of schooling the children of the wandering gypsies.

If they were got into a school near one resting-place they were off again before they had learned anything, and the game did not seem to be worth the candle.

But now the Surrey County Council has decided that if the gipsy children will not come to the school the school must go to the gypsies. A building has been made of corrugated iron and wood built in sections. Thus it can be quickly put together and taken to pieces and set up in a clearing in a birch wood at the top of a hill five miles from anywhere, in the midst of a favourite camping ground within easy reach of about eighty gipsy children.

The teacher and his wife live in a caravan and are prepared to move on with their pupils whenever the roving fit takes them again—provided a sufficient number of them rove in the same direction.

There were forty children on the first day, and they proved enthusiastic learners in spite of the fact that only four of them could either read or write. At night there are classes for the almost equally ignorant grown-ups.

It is very enterprising of the Surrey County Council, and even the ratepayers who have to pay for the experiment will be glad that the children are to have a chance of learning their letters. But some people will not be able to help wondering whether, in fairness to all concerned, it would not be better to make a law that all people with young families must settle near a school till their children are beyond school age.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 30 1926

The Youngest Member of the Family

THE Prime Minister has done us a great service. He has reminded us of what we may easily forget—that we are the youngest member of the family of the great Roman Empire. He might have added that we are bearing a burden and ruling an empire such as the Roman Mother never knew.

When the history of England first stands out clear from the mists of the past the Eagles of Rome are hovering over the little known island. Sometimes we think of those far distant days only as a Roman conquest, the last effort of the Roman Empire to extend its majesty, dominion, and power. But the coming of the Romans was far more than that. They brought with them more than their legions. They brought commerce, they made roads to last a thousand years through forests and marshes and waste places. They built cities and beautiful buildings. They planted new trees and brought flowers to fill the gardens. They lived among us for four hundred years.

Four hundred years—as long a time as from the Reformation till today! What did they do for us in that long time? What did they not do? The roads, the buildings, the towns were as nothing beside the greater thing the Romans did. They made us part of themselves and their heritage. Britain was the Roman Empire's last colony, the youngest son of Rome. And, as Mr. Baldwin said, little England took the youngest son's portion. It was to carry on the torch when the weary Empire laid it down.

Regions Caesar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway

the poet wrote in his address to Boadicea, and it has become true.

It was not the torch of conquest which was to be our obligation or our right, but the torch of the virtues which made the Roman Empire what it was and gave it greatness. It was ours to inherit what was finest and noblest in Rome. *Pietas* and *gravitas* were their great words, and we do not go far wrong in translating them as simple piety and steadfastness. To these the Romans added the truth of the spoken word.

One other gift Rome had to bestow, and that was pride in the inheritance. *Civis Romanus Sum* (I am a Roman citizen) was the corner-stone of the Roman's life and conduct. He never paraded it, he sought no reward, but his partnership in the Empire was at the core of his being.

So should it be with us, with the children of Britannia, to whom belongs the future. The past is ours, and it is ours to carry on the torch Rome handed on to her youngest son.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Note from Old Athens

WE hear a great deal of what is often unjustly called the Dole, and it is true that there are Dole-takers who have taken so kindly to our soil that they threaten to over-run the country and destroy its prosperity, even as the rabbit has in Australia.

But the genus is ancient, for there was a Dole in Athens in 483 B.C. It was paid to the citizens for three years, following on the discovery of a rich vein of gold. Then, in an hour of peril, Themistocles appealed to the citizens to sacrifice the dole, in order that the money should be devoted to strengthening the fleet. The Greek Dole-takers were patriots. Two hundred ships were built, and their country was saved.

Two Blanks

Somebody has said that England was done. While the spirit of the Englishman of this story is still alive England will never be done. We are asked to tell the story.

IT was during the wars between Holland and Spain, when twenty-four soldiers of the Spanish camp fell into the hands of the enemy. One of the prisoners was an English hired soldier.

The Dutch decided to execute eight of the captives and intern the rest. They put twenty-four rolls of paper into a helmet, and bade each soldier take one, telling them that there were eight bearing a death sentence.

The Englishman drew a blank paper. He smiled over his good luck, and then his glance fell upon a Spanish comrade who stood near by, waiting his turn, visibly overpowered with the terror of his choice. The Englishman offered to sell this man his blank for ten ducats, and the offer was eagerly accepted.

We are glad to add that once more this heroic Tommy ventured his life, and once more he drew a blank.

A Mouse in Siberia

THE other day, with the snow on the ground and the cold everywhere, we could hardly help thinking of a little tale of a traveller in Siberia, Mr. Harry de Windt.

Riding a reindeer sledge with his companions one day, he found the provisions were frozen; the bread was like iron, and the breath of the travellers fell in powder. Thankfully did they get inside a shelter.

There they made a roaring fire and had a meal, and suddenly their eyes fell upon a tiny field mouse, half dead with cold, curled up in a corner. The travellers felt their hearts go out to this little helpless creature. They made a nest of fir boughs for the little mouse, and put some biscuit crumbs near it. The mouse devoured the meal and seemed to look a cordial Thank You with its beady black eyes.

The World Ever New

A GROWN-UP paper has been urging its grown-up readers not to mistrust a thing because it is new. We advise them to be like children and welcome new things.

Railways, gas, steam-ploughs were all once quite new, and many feared that they would do more harm than good. They have served us so well that there will be the same outcry against any attempt to supplant them with further improvements.

But there is no more reason for us to fear new ways than there was to fear our present old ways when they were new. Nothing lasts for ever. The world is ever new. Without change there is no life, and to insist on clinging to old ideas because we have grown used to them is as stupid as if we had refused to alter the date after yesterday had passed away.

Tip-Cat

WATERLOO BRIDGE, we are assured, is not a work of art. So it must be a work of Nature.

MILIE. LENGLEN has been kept busy lately denying rumours about herself. Probably this is another of them.

A LEOPARD was found in a Calcutta flat. Looking for the dressing-room because it wanted to change its spots.

AN elephant at Wood Green lay down in the road and stopped the traffic. This is done in the City without elephants.

FROM a news heading: Tenpenny loaf still. Many loaf for less than that.

INDIAN Nationalists are stirring. It must be a moving sight.

DRESSMAKERS are enthusiastic about a new kind of dress that ripples like the sea. But they will not waive the price.

IN Cologne the streets have been like rivers. An overflow of eau de Cologne.

MR. J. H. THOMAS thinks those who look for trouble can always get it. If they don't look it will get them.

Peter Puck's History Notes

How the Ratepayer Came

THE London ratepayer, the tamest of our domestic animals, was not introduced till quite late in history.

In a paper read before the Historical Association Mr. W. G. Bell said that communal burdens were borne by public-spirited individuals till Queen Elizabeth's Poor Law Act of 1601.

Thus we see that the tobacco plant, the potato, and the ratepayer all came in together.

The Man in the Storm

By Our Country Girl

DARKER—darker—darker yet,
All the sky is masked with
cloud;

Grasses shiver, branches fret,
Soon the winds will neigh
aloud;

Now they only wake and sigh,
Wrinkle down a pond, and die.

Now the storm is perched aloft,
Stretching dreadful wings
for flight,

While on sea and hill and croft
Falls their dreadful shade as
night;

When he flaps those yet-poised
wings

All the vault of heaven rings.

PURPLE clouds that sag and
lower,

Yellow sea and russet heath;
Birds are hushed, and cattle
cower;

Now in all the world beneath
Only man is left to dare
All the menace of the air.

DARKER—darker—darker still.

Yet man's ships are on
the sea!

Let the Furies work their will,
Beasts may hide, but Man is he,
Man, the only mortal thing
That can face his fear and sing.

A Note from the Quay at Marseilles

By a Travelling Correspondent

MOTHER, why does the angel who
attends to the animals wear brown
clothes?

The crowded quay of Marseilles is hardly a place for asking or answering questions, so Mother did not attempt to answer her little son's question until she had piloted him to safety, and then she said: "You asked me why the angel attending to the animals wears brown clothes. Where did you see the angel?"

"I have seen him twice," said the child, "and in the same place each time. The first time was when a poor horse fell down, with all those heavy sacks on the cart. It was yesterday. And I saw him again just now," the child said eagerly, "at that corner where a horrid-looking man had a dog, holding him by a chain. Did you see, Mother, that the dog had a card on his neck with *For Sale* on it in French? The dog's tail was all draggly on the ground, and he looked at me as if he were saying *Please help me*. And it was then that I saw the angel. He came round the corner, very quickly, and his clothes were brown, with a sort of sunlight in them. Why were they brown, do you think?"

Mother's voice sounded rather wistful when she said: "I wish I had seen him too. I think the reason he wore brown must be because the beautiful earth which is the home of all dumb creatures is brown, so that he *would* be robed in its colouring as well as with its light."

A small hand took hers, and a child's voice said: *I knew you'd know, Mother.*



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If a draught
board screens
a cold

SARGENT TAKES HIS PLACE LONDON'S GREAT PICTURE SHOW

The Remarkable Lifework of
One Man of Our Time
HIS STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS

One of the most marvellous picture shows ever known is being held in London. The work of John S. Sargent, R.A., is being shown at the winter exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Londoners had a vague idea that Sargent was a great worker, but this exhibition is overwhelming. We are reminded of the giants of a few centuries ago—Rubens, Velasquez, Tintoretto, who were thought to be "the greatest devourers of walls ever born."

There are in this exhibition some 600 works, oil paintings, water colours, pencil and charcoal sketches, a fragment of sculpture. Of these about 400 might be called serious. Two hundred more Sargent pictures are being shown in Boston. Sargent was born in 1856, began painting seriously in 1882, was made R.A. in 1897, and died in 1925. If we put down his working years as forty it means that for every month of forty years he produced at least one serious piece of work.

Like a Fourth Form Master

In addition to this tireless industry Sargent never neglected the Schools, and always helped with the choosing and hanging of the summer exhibition. In short, he worked like a Fourth Form master, holidays and all.

The result is indeed overwhelming, but one must not let the great mass of Sargent's work deceive us as to its quality. All kinds of extravagant things have been said about his being the peer of Velasquez and Van Dyck, greater than Reynolds and Lawrence.

What He Really Did

Now, with all due respect to Sargent, this is nonsense. Anyone who doubts it can go straight on from Sargent's show to the National Gallery and look at the work of these artists. Sargent lacked the magnificent simplicity of Velasquez and Van Dyck, the English sturdiness of Reynolds. He may sometimes be like Lawrence, but Lawrence, coming at the end of our era of portrait painters, was often superficial and sometimes cheap.

But let us look at Sargent for his own sake. The first thing we see is that he is a superb brush master, and that, in the main, his work lacks repose. He is more interested in technique than in form, and relies on a face to make a portrait. Sargent redeems himself by his mastery of texture. His silks and satins and chiffons are superbly done. But artists know very well that if one cannot express a personality in a figure without the face, one is weak at the job, so to speak.

His Masterly Portraits

Sargent will be remembered as a portrait artist and a subject painter. In portraiture his greatest strength and greatest weakness are shown. A great majority of these pictures are portraits of society ladies. When their faces had character Sargent was intensely interested; when they were merely young and pretty (and often petulant) he tied them up in a knot of a pose, and painted their piled-up chiffons.

Just now and again his portraits of women are magnificent, as witness the Countess of Rocksavage (a picture which

A BRIGAND WHO CHANGED HIS WAYS

THERE has just died in China a man whose story reads like a page from a novel. He was Sung Sih San, generally known as Mr. Sung.

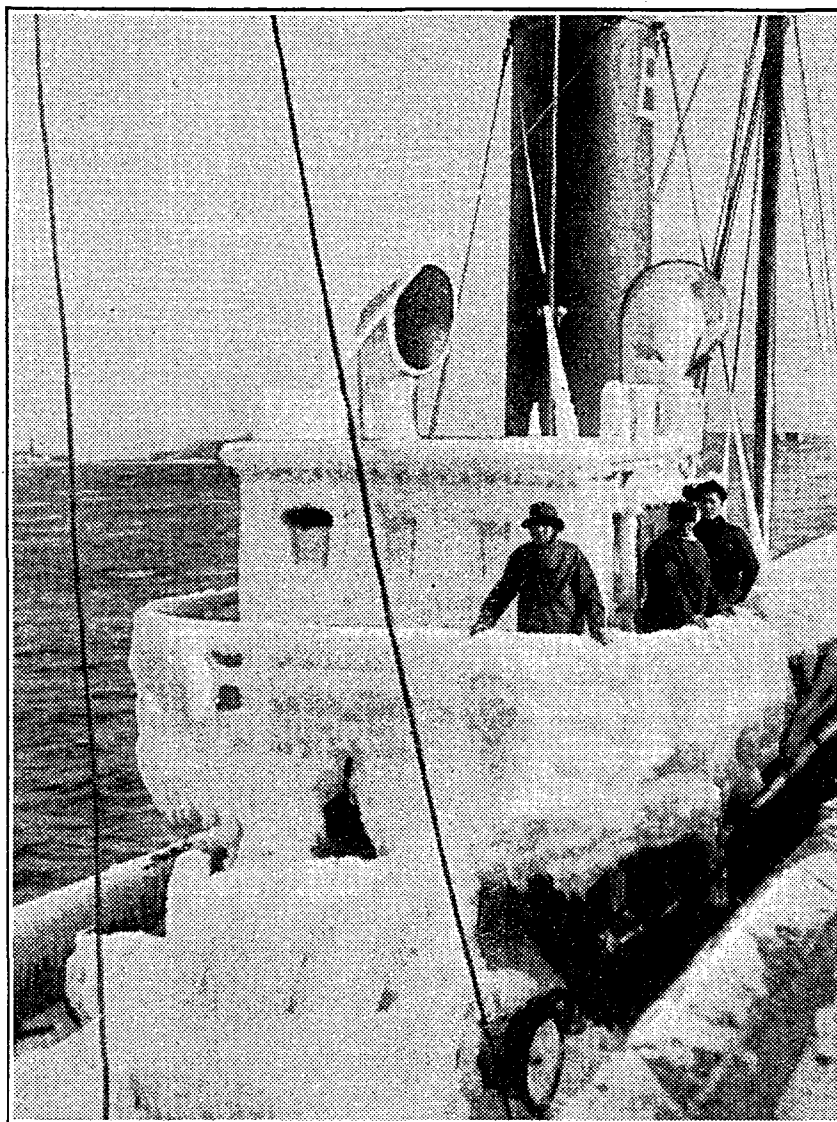
He was an attractive, buoyant, good-natured man whom everyone liked. As a boy he broke away from his home and joined a band of men whose hand was against every man's. They got hold of weapons, formed a gang of brigands, and lived at the expense of peaceful citizens and travellers. This wild life brought Sung into many a fight, and in one of these brawls he was crippled for life.

By what seemed the merest chance his whole life was altered, and when he was more than thirty years old he had his first lessons in reading and began slowly to make his way through the Gospels. In time he joined a band of Chinese preachers who spoke in city

streets and village market-places. His wit, his resourcefulness, and his good nature carried him through many difficult experiences.

He never forgot his own early days, and, though his salary as a preacher was never large, he was always befriending some of the "down-and-outs" of Shanghai. He would share his food and clothing with anyone needier than himself. He was a really famous street-speaker and preacher. His vivid style, his power of illustration, his homely manner, and his warm-hearted friendliness, made him a well-known figure in Shanghai and the neighbourhood. The lawless brigand became the untiring evangelist; the enemy of society became the friend of his fellow men. He had nearly 40 years of dauntless service for others to his credit when he died the other day.

IN THE GRIP OF THE ICE KING



The whole northern hemisphere has been in the grip of the Ice King, and the ships at sea have suffered severely. In the Gulf of Finland over thirty vessels were imprisoned for days in the ice, and their crews could only be fed by food dropped from aeroplanes. Here we see how ships that escaped imprisonment arrived in port

has a hint of Gainsborough's distinction), Mrs. Leopold Hirsch, Miss Jane Evans, and Lady Faudel-Phillips, who sits exactly as she sat in life at the Mansion House when the Editor of the C.N. saw her there 20 years ago.

With exceptions like these Sargent gave his best strength to his men's portraits. Rarely does he sink below a good average; a few are superb. The big portraits of Lord Russell and Lord Wemyss are so good as to be positively frightening. These two pictures will hold their own with any portrait painted in England at any time. And it would be difficult to find anywhere a better portrait than that of Sir Philip Sassoon, painted in 1923, when Sargent knew all that he ever would know of his art.

Then there are his subject pictures. When all these pictures have gone back to their niches in the homes of England,

the nation will still have great things to remember Sargent by—the peerless Spanish dancer Carmencita; Carnation, Lily; Cashmere; and that tragic possession of the Tate Gallery, the huge picture of the gassed men in the Great War.

There is a saying that a man's true nature is shown by what he does when his work is finished. Sargent was by profession a portrait painter. When he was pleasing himself he splashed about in water colours, making sketches of olive trees in Italy, Alpine chalets, queer-looking goats some of which cannot help looking as if they were having their portraits painted, great cream oxen, in stables and out.

Taking it all round, it is a marvellous exhibition, and some of our younger men will do well indeed if after a lifetime's work they can make anything like a similar display.

ANOTHER MAN WALKS OUT TO DIE BRAVE NICOL BUCHANAN

The Crowded Cabin of a
Trawler in a Gale

ENGINEER MAKES ROOM FOR HIS COMRADES

Another hero has been added to the glorious company of men who without any flourish or blowing of trumpets have given their lives for their fellows. He was Nicol Buchanan of Aberdeen. He was chief engineer on board the Star of the Wave, a steam trawler belonging to Aberdeen.

One bitter night a fierce gale swept across the North Sea, and in the height of its fury the Star of the Wave went ashore at Belhelvie, not far from Aberdeen. She had a crew of ten. Five of them climbed up into the rigging; five crowded into the wheelhouse, Buchanan among them.

The wheelhouse of a trawler is a very small cabin indeed. The five men were tightly jammed and, if anything, in a worse case than those in the rigging. But they had lighted flares and kept the siren blowing, and they settled to wait for help as best they might. Their position grew more and more terrible.

The Supreme Sacrifice

Breakers towering like cliffs smashed and rolled across the trawler's heeling decks, filling the wheelhouse in their mad course. Time after time the imprisoned men were all but drowned as they stood. The water rose to their eyes, fell to their knees, and rose again. The crew knew they were about as near death as any man can be and yet live. Those in the rigging gave themselves up for lost. Those in the wheelhouse battled helplessly for breath, for room to move.

Then it was that Buchanan said to himself, "We should be better if we were one less in here." He forced open the door and staggered out to make a dash for the rigging.

Alas for the brave heart in that breast! A sea came instantly and swept the decks, taking the body of the chief engineer back with her to the deep.

Hour after hour the storm raged; hour after hour nine desperate men clung to life. The Coastguard Life-saving Brigade hurried down to the sands and fired rocket after rocket with no effect. The gale had it all its own way.

A Tragic Dawn

In the darkness of the night the lifeboat was launched and its crew tried to guide her course by the masthead light of the trawler. Fight as they might, the crew could not get near the wreck.

Dawn broke on a huddled group of watchers ashore and the shattered vessel lying on her side close in. As the tide turned rockets began flying again, and it happened that one shot out straight over the vessel. The cable was secured and the men were brought ashore in a state of terrible exhaustion.

While they were slowly coming back to life and strength the sea was smashing and smashing at the trawler wedged in the sand; and one great wave coming past her bore in and laid on the sands the body of Nicol Buchanan, hero: he who, like Captain Oates, walked out to die.

A GOOD IDEA

How to Help the Hospitals

Quite a good idea is being pushed in America for those who are very much interested in hospitals—and who is not?

They are trying to find homes for patients who are recovering, so that beds will be available in the hospitals for urgent cases.

TWO WAYS OF USING GREAT IDEAS

THE WIRELESS BLESSING AND THE KINEMA CURSE

Films that are Poisoning the Minds of Our Millions

A POWER IN THE WRONG HANDS

We are delighted to see that very serious attention is being directed to the question of unsuitable films being shown throughout the British Isles. It is a matter of vast importance and urgency.

The C.N. was one of the newspapers that welcomed the kinema with hopeful enthusiasm. It seemed to us that it might be an educational agency of very great value. Our view remains unchanged, but unfortunately the country is having steady proof, week by week, that the kinema may be used to do infinite harm.

The great success of broadcasting, the intelligence and wisdom with which it has been used in the British Isles to spread amusement, stimulating knowledge and musical taste to the delight and benefit of millions cosy by the fire-side, are in startling contrast with the demoralising decline of the kinema. It shows us the value of putting a great instrument in the right hands, for the kinema has been in the wrong hands from the beginning.

Worst Films Seen by Children

Broadcasting is most clearly a good influence beyond anything anticipated from it. The kinema has become deplorably mixed in its influence, so that vast numbers of people think it bad. And the worst feature of it is that the worst films are shown in the cheaper houses largely attended by children.

The source of the evil is plain. The country is being drenched with American productions that are false in every way. They represent a kind of life which does not exist, or, if it does exist, is utterly unsuitable for exhibition, particularly to children who have no experience by which they can judge how much they are being deceived by unrealities. The straining after sensational effects is bad and unnatural. An utterly false taste is being formed by this type of film; and there is a danger that British films may enter into an unwholesome competition for public favour.

25 Millions for American Films

Last year, it is reported, no less a sum than £25,000,000 was spent by this country in buying American films for exhibition before British audiences largely unaware how false to life many of them are.

We are not saying, of course, that all American films are of this unwholesome type, or that all British films are free from blame; but broadly it is true that the films dumped from abroad are a national scandal.

The cause of all this is that the kinema has been controlled almost entirely from a commercial point of view. The moral and educational points of view have been largely disregarded. America has been producing enormous quantities of film stuff made to excite and sell, and she has flooded the world's markets with them. The exhibitors of these films have followed the American lead and bought that which they could show with most profit.

Stricter Censorship Needed

In this way a great modern agency which ought to have been capable of competing in good influence with broadcasting, so far as sight can compete with hearing, has missed its mark in a very large degree. It is high time that a far stricter censorship should be set up.

We trust our grown-up readers will give this question their earnest consideration. The film business has arrived at a point when it needs to be made pure in the interests of the next generation of our race.

ANIMALS IN DISTRESS

Two Hundred Thousand Cases in a Year

A NOBLE CAUSE WORTH HELPING

From Mrs. Dickin, the energetic Director of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, we have received a shilling handbook giving a summary of the most humane and necessary work done by this society.

The objects of the society are to give free treatment to such animals as would not be taken to a veterinary surgeon owing to the poverty of their owners; to destroy painlessly animals in hopeless suffering; to give advice on the care of animals; and to influence the public, and particularly the young, in caring for animal welfare.

The society was started in December, 1917, in the East End. Now it has 23 local Animal Dispensaries, and deals with from 800 to 1000 cases of suffering animals on every open day, or over 200,000 in a year.

When Help is Most Needed

The work becomes more pressing at this time of the year because many dogs are being turned adrift by owners who cannot afford to renew their licences. The National Canine Defence League calculates that in the early days of the year about 200,000 dogs are either destroyed or are abandoned to save the licence money. Many of them are brought to the lethal chambers of Animal Dispensaries to be put to sleep, and theirs is often the most kindly fate.

It is impossible to overstate the value, in suffering relieved, of the exertions of such a society. Their work is of the nature of First Aid. Were it not done nothing would take its place, and an immense amount of suffering would continue without relief. All kinds of domestic animals are treated, but chiefly dogs, cats, horses, and donkeys.

There is no doubt that the work of these dispensaries has a most humanising effect in every district where it has been started. The offices are at 14, Clifford Street, London, W. 1.

THE BLACKBIRD IN THE GARDEN

Does He Like the Slugs?

An account in the C.N. of mischief done to thrift in a garden by a blackbird brings a comment from Lancashire.

The blackbird that uprooted the thrift is not an exception, says our correspondent, nor is he a bad character. At this time of the year the birds are often hard put to it to find enough insect food, and blackbirds especially may be seen almost any day scattering dead leaves, rock plants, or anything that may shelter slugs or slug eggs.

"I have in my garden (our correspondent adds) some beds planted with clumps of saxifrage, and the birds have rooted it out so that I have replanted it times without number. It may sound incredible that a bird looks for slugs under plants just put in the soil, but it is not in the human breast alone that hope springs eternal! The most effective remedy is to place a piece of curved wire netting over the plants."

So far our correspondent. Our own experience of blackbirds is that they do not scratch plants up if they are well fed in winter, but that feeding them regularly prevents them from eating slugs at all. Slugs, we believe, are the very last resource of a hungry blackbird. The thrush regards a snail as a luxury, but a blackbird will eat anything rather than a slug. That is why there are so many slugs.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

The Boy Parliaments of Canada have been sitting again.

The London Fire Brigade has reached its Diamond Jubilee.

During last year 4774 commercial vessels passed through the Panama Canal, paying in tolls over four million pounds.

Silent Bells Ring Again

The church bells of Graveney, in Kent, now ring again after having been silent nearly 200 years.

A Message from the Sea

A Boy Scout's message entrusted to the sea in a bottle last July has now been returned from Holland.

Books, Books, Books

More than 13,000 books, a record number, were published in Britain last year, about 250 new ones every week.

A Monkey Farm

The famous Johns Hopkins Medical School at Baltimore has started a farm to raise monkeys for experimental work.

The Fish and the Frog

A trout was found at Conishead Priory, Ulverston, with a huge frog in its mouth. Both frog and trout were dead.

Miners in Top Hats

An aged Staffordshire miner can remember the time when miners went to work wearing top hats and flannel coats.

A Farmyard Veteran

A crossbred Hamburg hen aged nearly twenty has died at Pebmarsh, Essex. Few hens live to be more than fifteen.

Pigeons in Business

A manufacturing firm in California is using homing pigeons to carry orders from its salesmen to the head office.

America's Output of Cement

Last year America made over 150 million barrels of Portland cement, more than all the rest of the world.

Replies from the Pulpit

Written questions on religious subjects are now being answered from the pulpit on Sundays by the Vicar of St. George's Church, Bickley.

Thanks to C.N. Readers

The Mansfield House Settlement is deeply thankful to all the C.N. readers who have helped it in response to our recent appeal.

What They Cost

A newspaper owner has calculated that at least £110,000,000 a year is spent in wages and materials in producing British newspapers and magazines.

A Million Candle-Power Lamp

An electric lamp of a million candle-power has been made by two Russian engineers. The average electric arc lamp is a thousand candle-power.

Travelling Telephone Exchange

In order to teach people about the telephone the Post Office is sending on tour a lecturer with a working model of a telephone exchange.

Newton's Work Done Again

Some fascinating experiments are being carried out in an underground laboratory at Washington for verifying Newton's discoveries about gravitation.

The Hole in the Road

Not long ago, at Cromford Hill, near Matlock, a large hole suddenly appeared in the main road. A weight lowered into the chasm descended fifty feet and then touched water.

A Huge Condenser

A New York power company has installed a huge condenser to convert the exhaust steam back into water. It is thirty feet high, weighs 500 tons, and has 51 miles of tubes.

The C.N. in the Bush

One of the Scoutmasters of Beechworth, Victoria, writes to tell us that his Scouts read the C.N. in the heart of the bush, 175 miles from Melbourne and 1750 feet above sea-level. Our greetings to them.

ONE OF THE HOPES OF INDIA

THE SCOUT MARCHING TO THE FUTURE

How the Boys are Helping to Lead the People On

CASTE AND PREJUDICE

Political matters have so engrossed the attention of the people who are interested in India that few realise the importance of the forces that are building up the new generation there.

These forces, if guided aright in the future, would solve many of our present day problems. Among these organisations we must give the Boy Scout Movement a very high place.

Many leading social workers, and particularly the leaders of the Y.M.C.A. in India, had been urging the formation of Scout troops among Indian boys, but the Government were afraid political bodies might make an attempt to capture the movement for their own purpose. Scouting was introduced, however, into the European and Anglo-Indian schools while the Indian schools were left alone. With the war even the military authorities became more friendly in their attitude toward the Scouts.

British as Scout Leaders

Scotland, as usual, proved to be the pioneer in this new venture, and two picked men were sent out under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. to undertake this activity. Six years of steady and persistent work are at last beginning to bear fruit. The movement is specially strong in the Punjab, the Central Provinces, and in the Bombay Presidency.

The original fear and scepticism in the minds of the officials that caste would prove an invincible barrier to the success of the movement have been replaced by a new faith in the capacities of the Indian boy. Many well-known civil and educational officers of British birth are active Scout leaders, and through the camps are coming into closer contact with the rising generation of India. Not only are they able to understand and appreciate the Indian better; they are helping considerably in the formation of the characters of those who in years to come will be the leaders of India.

Scouting Checks Race Hatred

The great significance of the movement lies, first of all, in the fact that it is helping to bridge the wide gulf between the British and the Indian communities, whose boys have been brought up in prejudice and have often had nothing but a scornful indifference toward each other. Is it too much to expect that as they grow up into citizens, and continue to live up to the Scout ideals, racial hatred in India will receive a death-blow from the boys of today?

A still greater significance of Scouting in India lies in the fact that Indian boys of various castes and creeds are rubbing shoulders with each other. They are almost breaking the hearts of their elders by acts of charity and service, not only toward each other but toward anyone in need of help.

Helping the Outcaste

Boys of the higher castes have carried Outcastes on their shoulders when they have found them on the roadside, and have taken them to hospital on stretchers made with their coats and turbans. They have even dared the anger of their parents by insisting on carrying the corpse of one of their dead comrades to the burial-place or the crematorium, even though they were not of the same faith.

It is not uncommon to see the Scout troops busy, at times of great festivals and fairs, rendering First Aid or acting as guides to pilgrims and travellers. With this new life coming into being in India we can safely trust in the future and believe that the India of ten years hence will be happier and more settled than the India of today.

ROAD ROUND LONDON

A Great Idea Coming True

BIG RELIEF TO TRAFFIC

Slowly but steadily the great idea of a circular road round London is being converted into a fact.

Where existing roads lie in the right position they are being widened and straightened, but by far the greater part of the road will be new. The northern half begins at Woolwich Ferry and sweeps round through Edmonton, Finchley, and Willesden to Kew Bridge, a distance of 26 miles. The southern semi-circle runs from Woolwich through Eltham, Catford, and Dulwich to Clapham Common and Battersea, about 13 miles, whence existing roads that can be improved connect up with Kew.

The great difficulty on the north side is the Lea Valley, which is liable to flood and is crossed by only one good road between Walthamstow and Waltham Abbey, a distance of nearly four miles, and that one road is too far out. So a great new road is to be made over a viaduct 600 yards long, starting from Angel Road, Edmonton, and spanning the Lea Navigation Canal, the Lea itself, the Coppermill Stream, and the Water Board aqueduct.

A Very Imposing Affair

The roadway will be 40 feet wide, with 10-foot sidewalks, and will be on piers the whole of the 600 yards to give free way to the flood waters. There will be a great pylon on either side at the Edmonton end, and at the end curving round toward Walthamstow there will be a massive gateway, altogether a very imposing affair. The viaduct will be made entirely of concrete and has been designed by Sir Owen Williams, who designed the Stadium and other buildings at Wembley.

The circular road, when finished, will be a great relief to London traffic, for it will enable those who have no business in the inner area, and merely want to get to the other side, to avoid entering it at all. Other great cities realised the advantages of such an arrangement long ago, and it is no credit to London that she has put it off so long.

WHAT THE SPHINX LOOKS DOWN ON

The Children With the Baskets

Our recent picture of the Sphinx brings an interesting account of what is happening during the restoration of that ancient memorial of Egypt.

This is an extract from a letter by a looker-on sent to one of our London readers.

Besides mending the cracks in the Sphinx they are digging out its paws. It lies rather low, so the paws get quickly covered up with the constant sandstorms. As they dig away the sand it must be taken to some distant part, so a hundred or more children and a few men are carrying baskets of sand on their shoulders to points where they have trolleys on rails to run the sand right away. As these children, boys and girls, some only about seven years old, toil up and down in lines they keep up a constant sing-song. A boy at the top leads the singing, clapping his hands and singing one line. Then they all join in as on they go.

What a picture! It makes me think of the Children of Israel as slaves in Egypt making bricks. There are task-masters here too, hitting the poor mites with long sticks on their legs as they pass if they seem to be slacking. You cannot imagine how impressive the whole scene is.

THE HAPPY CHILDREN OF THE VELD

Where the C.N.'s Companion Goes

A JOLLY PEEP AT LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA

We have received from the Principal of the Government Farm School at Klipfontein, in the High Veld, Transvaal, a photograph showing how the scholars start for home when the day's lessons are done, and a delightful letter on the school life of the children, from which we take the following notes.

Readers of the Children's Pictorial may like to hear in what out-of-the-way corners of the world the paper finds a home. Who would expect its presence in a little country school nestling in the wide-stretching veld of Southern Transvaal? Yet there, among little people whose home language is Afrikaans, it has found a cordial welcome.

Its splendid pictures have been a source of delight and wonder. Pinned on the blackboard, the frontispiece picture serves admirably for a lesson. The teacher finds no occasion for calling any boy or girl to attention. They are all eyes and ears; and with what zest they set to work to convey their thoughts about it to paper!

The Happy Afrikaner Child

Especially is this school companion needed where the children miss so many of the comforts of a land like England. Think what it means to drive four or five miles to school every day in a donkey cart! Though the Sun blazes out of a summer sky, though the dust fiend rides on the wings of the wind and blinds eyes with sand and grit, though a thunder-storm booms overhead, though the bitter winds of winter chill him to the bone, the little Afrikaner child, with brave endurance, struggles to school in his little donkey cart, or barebacked on that patient beast.

Yet he is a happy, contented child, strong and healthy. Note the sturdy little seven-year-old on his steed. Leading a free and almost untrammelled life the Afrikaner child overflows with mirth and fun. His sunny features seem to reflect the open, sun-bright smiles of his native land. He is care-free, full of mischief, daring and reckless to a degree. See him as he gallops away in a cloud of dust. What matter if he comes a cropper? He is up again and away. The happy South African boy and girl are lovable and loving, tender-hearted as the soft winds of spring, and fresh as the morn.

PASSING OF THE POILU'S BLUE

French Army Takes to Khaki

The sky-blue uniform of the poilu which the French soldiers made famous on the battlefields of their country will shortly disappear, to be replaced by a khaki of a somewhat yellower and brighter tone than ours.

This is curious because the sky-blue colour was chosen for special reasons. It was a kind of camouflage, its shade being not easily distinguishable in the distance; and although the British Army maintained that its own colour was equally inconspicuous there was nothing to choose in this respect between the two colours. What was important was that the old red coats should be replaced by something more sensible and suitable to the grim work in hand.

Even so, there were plenty of grumblers who said that neither Frenchmen nor Englishmen would fight if they had to go to war in drab colours.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

A King's Last Day

On January 30, 1649, Charles the First was executed in Whitehall. From the first it had been "my head or thy head," and Charles had lost.

JOHN MORLEY

The King, being come upon the scaffold, looked very earnestly on the block and asked "if there were no higher block."

He then delivered a speech in which he asserted his innocence of the crimes laid to his charge. Turning to Colonel Hacker, the King said: Take care that they do not put me to pain. Just then, a gentleman coming near the axe, the King said: Take heed of the axe, pray take heed of the axe. Then the King, turning to Dr. Juxon, said: I have a good cause, and a gracious God on my side.

Dr. Juxon: There is but one stage more. This stage is turbulent and troublesome; it is a short one, but you may consider it will soon carry you a very great way; it will carry you from Earth to Heaven, and there you shall find a great deal of cordial joy and comfort.

The King: I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world.

After that, having said two or three words to himself with hands and eyes lift up, immediately stooping down, and then the executioner again putting his hair under his cap, the King said: Stay for the sign.

Executioner: Yes, I will, an it please your Majesty.

And after a very little pause the King stretched forth his hands—the executioner, at one blow, severed his head from his body.

SIR RICHARD TANGYE

CHANGING FACES

How They Mark Our Changing Ways of Life

A young London woman, Miss George, is helping one of our eminent scientists, Sir Arthur Keith, in his attempt to study the changes believed to be taking place in the shape of the human face.

Miss George represents the modern woman. She was a student at the Royal Dental Hospital and the Women's School of Medicine. In 1922 she qualified as a dentist, and is a believer in the need of hard work as the roughest but quickest road to success.

When a C.N. correspondent saw this woman scientist in her laboratory she was engrossed in one of the many skulls surrounding her.

"I have to note down characteristic features of different skulls dating from the earliest times (she said). Observations prove that the shape of the skull is changing. It is due to our changing ways of life. In the old days the jaw of a man or woman had to be much stronger than today, when eating is no longer a physical effort. The facial muscles were better developed then than now, and this has had its effect on the general construction of the skull. We also think the human face is growing longer and narrower; but whether this change is a long-drawn-out one or is modern we are still trying to discover. Facts point to the change as being one of human evolution and not one that has come upon us in this age."

From her own observations Miss George supports the theory of a change in the modern face. "If you watch people in the street you will notice how many have their mouths open," she said. "This must be due to their finding difficulty in breathing due to the narrow structure of their skull."

THE SICKLE IN THE SKY

AN ATMOSPHERE OF FIERY GAS

Suns Approaching Us at 1442 Miles a Minute

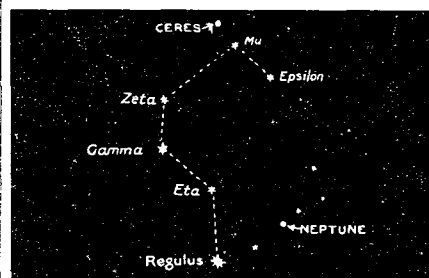
GOLDEN STAR AND ITS LITTLE COMPANION

By the C.N. Astronomer

The Sickle of Leo is now high in the south-east sky, and is a region of particular interest well worth exploring, for in addition to its stellar glories there are two worlds up there, Ceres and Neptune.

Though neither of these planets is visible to the naked eye, yet Ceres, being about seventh magnitude, should be easily identified through field-glasses; but Neptune, reaching barely eighth magnitude, will need an astronomical telescope to reveal him. We shall have more to say about them next week.

The brightest of the stars of Leo's Sickle, at the tip of the handle, is an immense sun approaching us, according to Vogel, at 330 miles a minute. But Regulus is



The Sickle of Leo, showing the present position of Ceres and Neptune

not appreciably brighter than in ancient times, even a thousand years making but little difference to its brilliance or position owing to its immense distance, 6,286,500 times that of our Sun.

As its distance is known it follows that it must radiate about 250 times the light of our Sun to be as bright as it appears to us; that is, 1.3 magnitude. Moreover, it is known to be at a temperature of some 12,000 degrees Centigrade, twice that of our Sun and over three times that of an electric arc-light. So it becomes possible to calculate its size fairly accurately, and this amounts to about five times the diameter of the Sun, or 4,330,000 miles.

Regulus is enveloped in an immense and very attenuated atmosphere of fiery helium and hydrogen. It has at least two companions, a pair of comparatively small suns; the two together would not make one as large as ours. These are at an enormous distance, some 5000 to 6000 times as far from Regulus as we are from the Sun.

50 Times Brighter than Our Sun

Gamma in Leo is one of the stellar glories of the sky, a great golden sun of 2½ magnitude, with another smaller one of 3½ magnitude, the two revolving round a centre of gravity between them once in 407 years.

They are much farther advanced in stellar evolution than Regulus, being at much the same period as our Sun, and therefore yellow, their G type of spectra resembling the Sun's and proving them to be at only a slightly lower temperature.

Spectroscopic evidence at Mount Wilson Observatory indicates that the light from the larger sun has taken 75 years to reach us, so it would be about 4,762,000 times as far off as the Sun. To be so bright at such a distance this larger sun must radiate 50 times as much light as our Sun.

They appear to be approaching us at the tremendous speed of 1442 miles a minute, so in long ages to come more may be learned about this splendid sun-system.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. Saturn and Mars south-east in the morning.

BIG SCHOOL CALLING

Garry Sees it Through

By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 33 All His Fault

FEDDON saw it all now. What a blind, selfish brute he had been! It was all his fault. Kendall had opened his eyes to the bitter truth, that he was spoiling Garry's last term at the School.

Nearly a week had passed since the match with the Red House, and Feddon had drawn farther into his shell. Scarcely for an hour of that wretched week had his mind been free of this torturing thought, that it was all his fault that Garry's last term was being spoiled.

His sensitive nature was in agonies over it. It came between him and everything that he did. It was so plain. If he had not been here, as Kendall had said, nothing of this unpleasantness would have happened to Garry.

There was only one man in the School, he kept telling himself, for whom he cared an iota, and that man was Garry. And within himself he knew that his feelings went deeper. There was nothing that he would not have done for Garry. The one man to whom he was drawn, whom of all he admired. And this was the man who was suffering for his sake.

He could not help contrasting his immediate future and Garry's. His quick imagination could see the whole thing. He saw himself at home for good very soon now; he could see the sunshine slanting across the paddock, where the long-legged colts would come ambling across at his call, and their mother would follow sedately to nuzzle his hand; he could hear his father's deep laugh of content as they rode together, and his quietly uttered "Feeling good to be back?"

He could see the morning-room with its bowls of white roses, and watch himself helping to sort out the fishing tackle. He could see the square church-tower above the larches, and hear the bells chiming the villagers into church.

"Coming along, old man?" That was always the way of it; as if each of them hadn't perceived, when they came down to breakfast, that the other wasn't in tweeds or flannels that morning!

All this Feddon dwelt on and pictured. And, besides it, another picture. No colouring in this one. A drab picture—of Garry. He could not vision an office; he had never entered one; he could not put life in an office into a frame. But he conceived it as something dull and depressing, as something hard and exacting and very unjoyous.

He was wrong, beyond question. But that is how Feddon pictured it. And the contrast in these two pictures of his life and Garry's worked on his mind and played its full part in tormenting him.

At last he could bear it no longer. In his self-reproach he had been avoiding Garry, and now, without breathing a word about his intention, he waited till he found Soppy Tadworth alone, and told him that he was ready to take his word back.

His lip was quivering as he stammered this out, but he did not lower his eyes, which were hot and proud.

Soppy gave a short, fierce laugh. "You're too late," was all he replied, with a meaning look. Then he smiled to himself as though something was amusing him. "Yes, you're a day too late, my son," he repeated significantly.

The School was playing The Butterflies next day on Big Side. Only one-hour's work for them all this morning, for stumps were pitched at half-past eleven o'clock. They came streaming out; the seniors trailing basket chairs, the juniors carrying rugs to spread on the slope. Not many would miss a ball that was bowled today.

They approached as near as they dared to see the two captains toss;

they heard Peterson cry "Heads!" and, merrily, "Heads it is!" They watched the umpires stalk out, the bails in their hands, till they stooped and solemnly crowned the bright, glistening stumps.

After them came the visitors, tossing the ball about and quipping each other as they moved to their places. And next, in a hush which was swept by a rattle of clapping, appeared Jardine and Crauford, one of them swinging his bat, the other fixing his batting gloves as he came.

The match against The Butterflies had begun.

But Feddon was not one of the crowd on the slope, nor under the trees, nor in any shy corner of the ground. When the others had streamed out he had gone to the day-room; at this instant he was standing in front of his locker, which he seemed to be arranging or disarranging. He kept taking things out, eyeing them contemplatively; then returning them or slipping them into his pocket. He closed his locker, paused, and looked round the deserted room. Opening his locker once more, he removed his school cap from his head and, having folded it, placed it inside.

Through the open windows the cheering on Big Side reached him. A breath of warm air as soft as silk floated through. May and her mirth were abroad, but his eyes were mirthless. Yet they were burning with a queer, almost passionate light.

There was in their light some gleam of a fierce exaltation. There was in his heart a torch that had fired his thoughts. Garry had done so much for him; had done everything. It was time that he did something for Garry.

CHAPTER 34

"Have You Seen Feddon?"

THE School went in to dinner at one o'clock. The players did not break off for lunch till half-past, so that after fully refreshing his inner man, and before there was any more cricket to watch from his rug, Gigshott found himself with plenty of time for a little job which he had been meditating.

"How," he inquired of Button, "do you spell confiscated?"

Button, that profound scholar, purred in his scorn. "Confiscated?" he echoed. "K-o-n-f—" he jibbed, then added "i-s-k," very thoughtfully. "And every idiot," he ended, "knows how to spell ated."

"That's why you do," countered his ally, a trifle ruffled. But with infinite pains he inscribed the word as dictated.

Button, having watched him with his head on one side, chirped:

"What do you want to know for?"

"I'll tell you," said Gigshott.

It appeared that he had started this term very badly in the matter of parting company with his possessions, either in class, where the masters' eyes were unusually sharp, or in Prep, where presiding prefects were just as bad. It had occurred to him, therefore, to write out and keep a list of these valuables that drifted out of his keeping.

"You see," he explained, "if they forget to give me all back I can always check exactly what there is missing."

"That," remarked Button with fervour, "is a sound wheeze. I'll start a list as well."

"Copy cat!" rapped his friend.

"You didn't think of making a list!"

"But, anyhow, I told you how to spell confiscated!"

"Who said you didn't? You can make a list if you like."

Their difference thus agreeably composed, Gigshott dipped his pen, snatched a ruler, and started in. ARTICLES KONFISKATED looked well at the top. Under this he ruled three substantial columns,

headed ARTICLE, WHO BY, RETURNED.

"I'll have another column for NOTES," he said next, "to refresh my memory when they swear they've not bagged them."

The picture of The Maypole—to name one abstracter—"swearing that he hadn't bagged" something of Gigshott's would have appealed enormously to that gentleman, had he happened to overhear them.

Then, with pen and ruler, Gigshott made a quick job of it.

"How's that?" he exclaimed when he had finished, his head on one side.

It was a good piece of work, as Button admitted. He admitted, too, that it told a distressing story.

"Golly, man," piped he, "you have been unlucky!"

There were no less than ten articles, including four with Mr. Poland's name against them. The appended Notes were illuminating. They were these:

Lighter (it wants a new flint); Cigarette pictures (I was only sorting them for Button's album); Dummy cigar; The last bit of Dr. Arthur Smith's Certificate (Me and Button were keeping this as a mementow).

Button, who had been reading it through again, said:

"You don't spell memento with a w. You spell it with an e."

"Mementoe?"

"Yes. Mementoe," insisted Button.

Gigshott fumbled through his pockets.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed. "I lent my ink-eraser to Feddon. Let's get it."

"Can't you scratch the w out?"

"No. I'm going to rub it out properly."

"Oh, hurry up, man! They'll begin again in a sec!"

"I'll jolly soon find him. Aren't you coming to help?"

"No. I'll pip along and see that nobody pinches our rug."

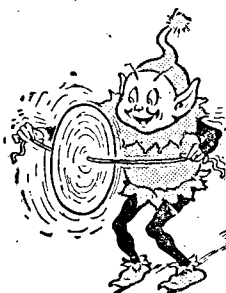
Off sped Gigshott in quest of his ink-eraser. But he had to find Feddon first, and he couldn't find Feddon. Everywhere, in all likely places, he hunted, till, as he was rushing round, he passed Garry and Kendall, who were settling themselves comfortably for the restart.

"Oh, Garry," he panted, "I say, Garry! Have you seen Feddon?"

"No," said Garry. "I was looking for him myself after dinner. If you come across him send him along."

But, deciding that mementow must stay as it was, Gigshott abandoned the search and bolted to Button, just in time to eject Snipple from his place and see Jardine, who had been batting still at lunch, bowled with a beauty that fairly fizzed from the pitch.

Jolly Toy FREE with this week's SUNBEAM



Every copy of this week's COLOURED paper the SUNBEAM (the first of a new series, now on sale, 2d.) contains an entrancing FREE TOY—a novel WHIZZING WONDER WHEEL, which spins and turns at tremendous speed and changes colour at the same time. The SUNBEAM is the brightest of all coloured picture papers, and everything in it this week is brand new—tip-top stories, funny pictures, jokes, riddles, games, puzzles—everything, in fact, that you love best.

SUNBEAM

Now on Sale. Buy Your Copy TODAY

"Didn't keep his bat straight!" cried Snipple contemptuously.

As anxious as anyone not to miss any of the cricket, Garry felt himself pulled in another direction. He wanted Feddon. He was thinking how strange in his manner, how more retiring even than usual, Feddon had been the last week. He had just said to Kendall, "I can't think what's come over Feddon." To which Kendall had uttered "Oh?" in an unconcerned tone.

"Feddon's been purposely keeping out of my way, Ken."

"Oh?" rejoined Kendall again, with his eyes on the game.

"Do you think he's got a hump about anything?"

"Why should he?" was all Kendall answered. "Look! Peterson's in!"

Reluctantly Garry got up.

"I'm off to fetch him," he said. "I'll bring him along to come and squat on our rug."

"Please yourself," muttered Kendall.

Having gone all round the ground without finding his man, and, after looking into the day-room and even the class-rooms, Garry wondered more and more where Feddon had got to, and, while wondering, his mind recalled something else. Now he came to think of it, he reflected, he didn't remember seeing Feddon at dinner. Had he got an *exeat*? Perhaps. But that would start after dinner. No! He didn't remember seeing Feddon at dinner.

He must have been taken queer. Pretty rough luck, mused Garry, to be taken ill with such fine cricket to watch!

In the School House lobby Garry came to a standstill. A salvo of distant cheering rose from Big Side. He darted into the air, but stopped and went back again, and, mounting the staircase, tapped on the Matron's door.

He found Miss Arnold watching the match from her window, and much concerned, as always, because from that eyrie the trees would only allow her to see one wicket.

"A bothering nuisance," she would say. "But if I go down there is sure to be someone coming up with a sprained ankle."

So, when she heard Garry's tap and saw him slip in, her face fell and she snapped testily:

"What is it now?"

A famous peculiarity, this, of Miss Arnold's, that she never grew testy except when watching games; and especially those games in which her House was playing. It irritated her to see one of "my boys," as she always called them, starting a run at Rugger and suddenly vanishing utterly from her ken. It annoyed her extremely to see one half of a cricket pitch and a ball appearing from nowhere and bowling her boys out. But she was never able to snatch herself from her window.

"They ought," she insisted, "to cut down those bothering trees."

Garry, in a tone of disarming apology, said, "Please, Miss Arnold, has Feddon been taken ill?"

She shook her head.

"Oh, there! He's clean bowled!" she ejaculated. "No, Feddon isn't up here. Do you think we shall win, Garry?"

Garry said that he thought they would, and clattered downstairs.

He found Mr. Poland, who, propped on his familiar shooting-stick, without which he was rarely seen at a cricket match, was watching the bowler's arm through a pair of field-glasses.

"H'm! Making them turn a lot," he was commenting, critically.

Garry waited for a convenient moment.

"Sir," he ventured, "have people got *excats* this afternoon?"

"If you want one," said The Maypole grimly, "you won't have one. The idea of wanting an *excat* when there's this game on! No, no *excats* today. Not for anyone, Garry."

"Sir, I thought there might be some—"

"None granted today."

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Old Hut

JANET walked slowly down to the front gate, laid her forehead down on the top bar, and wept.

After a while the cold of the wet paint, for it had been raining, made her forehead ache, so she lifted her head, and there was a man, standing close by in the road, staring at her. He was a little man, very pale, with black eyes and a long silky, black beard. He was hung all over with pots and pans.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

Janet stared at him.

"He's a tinker," she thought.

"We must mind he doesn't get round behind and steal the fowls." She looked a moment longer into those kindly black eyes, and with surprise found herself answering him.

"Mother is ill," she said, "and the doctor says she must not go on living in an army hut. It is too cold and draughty."

The tinker glanced at the long, brown, wooden hut behind Janet.

"And your father cannot afford to build a brick cottage?" he said.

"Indeed he can," said Janet proudly. "He is getting twenty shillings for each sitting of eggs he sells."

"Then why doesn't he?" asked the tinker. "There is plenty of land here."

He looked about him. There was nothing to be seen except acres and acres of scrubby woodland, with ancient rhododendron bushes sprawled about between the trees.

"Because he cannot get any more land to build it on," said Janet. "It is part of a great estate, and the agent won't let us have any more. And even if he did," she added, "we should have nowhere to live till the new place was ready."

The tinker ran his hand through his black beard.

"Give your father a message from me," he said. "Tell him to build a new shell round the old kernel."

And then he swung off up the road at a great pace.

Janet's father, when he heard, slapped his knee, and cried:

"A capital idea! We will build a brick cottage to enclose the hut. The new windows must be exactly opposite our present windows, the new walls just outside the wooden walls; and when the new roof is on we will demolish one room of the hut and finish off the corresponding room in the brick house, and move into it while we take down another room of the hut. Three cheers for the tinker! A new shell round the old kernel—that is what it will be!"

And that is what it is. Now the brick walls and tiled roof are all completed, and you would never know that once there had been within them another little house, whose wooden walls, re-erected, form a lovely big henhouse on the family's poultry farm.



Now the Golden Sun Salutes the Morn



DI MERRYMAN

"I'm becoming so near-sighted," said a man, "that I bump into people when I'm walking in the street."

"Goodness, man! That's dangerous," said his friend. "Why don't you buy a car and drive it?"

The Depths of Despair

A GLOOMY old man of Cologne Would frequently utter a moan, And heave a great sigh, And say, "I would die, But the loss would be only my ogne."

Do You Live at Wallingford?

WALLINGFORD, formerly spelled Wealinga ford, means the ford of the Wealings. It is not certain whether the Wealings means the sons of Wealth, a personal name, or the sons of the foreigner. In any case, the place was originally a ford, controlled by certain individuals.

What Am I?

MY first is in javelin but not in spear,
My second's in govern but not in steer,
My third is in shatter but not in wreck,
My fourth is in journey but not in trek,
My fifth is in copper but not in zinc,
My sixth is in coffee but not in drink,
My seventh's in daughter but not in son,
My eighth is in laughter but not in fun,
My ninth is in picture but not in frame,
My whole is a maid of great courage and fame. *Answer next week*

Two Too Many

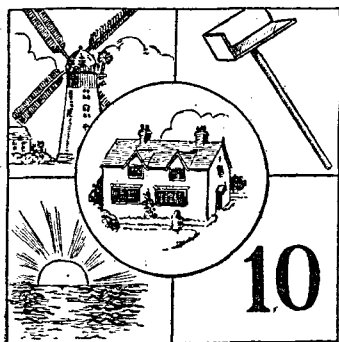
AN absent-minded man who had been hurriedly summoned to interview his employer snatched a hat from a hook near the door and carried it into the room without realising that he was already wearing a hat.

"And what do you propose to do with two hats?" asked the surprised chief.

"I am sorry, sir," replied the absent-minded one, when he had recovered from his confusion. "Two hats are indeed too many for a man who has lost his head."

WHEN is a sheep like ink?
When it is in a pen.

A Picture Puzzle



WRITE down the names of the five objects shown in these drawings. Take one letter from each word and make the name of a large animal. Then in the same way make the name of a very small animal, differing in only one letter from the name of the large animal.

Solution next week

WHEN may two people be said to be half-witted?
When they have an understanding between them.

Much Too Soft



THE Brownies met an ancient man,
Tom Toadstool was his name;
He hobbled on two sturdy sticks,
And seemed extremely lame.
"It's rheumatism," they exclaimed,
In sympathy, together.
"Tom isn't hard enough to stand
A spell of winter weather!"

Very Helpful

AN Irishman carrying a heavy bundle got into a cab and sat down with the bundle still on his shoulder.
"Why don't you put that on the floor?" said the driver.
"No," replied the Irishman. "Your old horse has got all he can do to pull me; I'll carry this bundle."

WHY does a sailor know there's a man in the Moon?
Because he has been to sea.

Statesmen in Hiding

THE names of seven statesmen are indicated by the following descriptions. Can you find them?
The process of putting salmon in tins.
The outside of an orange.
A much-hunted animal.
The outside of a house and a long piece of wood.
Happy in front of a building material.
A big hole.
A favourite breakfast food.

Solutions next week

Out of Date

A WOLF, looking out for a sleigh,
Complained, "No good luck comes my way,
For now travellers go
In a swift auto-mo,
So I'm out of the running today!"

WHAT flower grows in a vegetable garden? Cauliflower.

Irish Pictures

A HUMORIST was once asked if he had ever been to Cork. He said he had not, but he had seen many drawings of it.

Kind Consideration

"WHY have you put your cup of tea on a chair, Mr. Jones?" a landlady asked one of her boarders.
"It is so very weak," was the reply, "that I thought it had better have a rest."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Puzzle in Rhyme. Union Jack
An Easy Enigma. Alphabet
Who Was He?

The Brilliant Failure was Alcibiades

Jacko Finds a New Hiding-Place

MR. JACKO would never go inside a shop if he could help it. He said you always spent much more than you meant to. But one day Mrs. Jacko did manage to persuade him to go out shopping with her.

"We must have a new carpet for the parlour," she declared. "I'm ashamed for anybody to see the old one."

Mr. Jacko gave a grunt. He said he couldn't see much wrong with the carpet, but in the end he put on his hat and started off.

Jacko trotted along beside his father and mother. He hadn't been asked to come, but he hated being left out of anything. And, although his father told him to make himself scarce, Mrs. Jacko had a good word to say for him.

"Let the boy come with us," she said. "He has really been as good as gold the last few days."

Mr. Jacko shrugged his shoulders. "In my young days," he began; but he stopped suddenly, for he found he was talking to himself! Mrs. Jacko and Jacko had dropped behind to look in a shop window.

Mr. Jacko was wild.

"Keep up, keep up!" he called out. And he hustled them into the shop as fast as they could go.



Something sprang out and knocked him over

Of course, that was an unfortunate beginning, and when they got inside the shop things went from bad to worse. The very first thing Jacko did was to knock down a pile of plates in the china department.

There was a terrific crash, and the manager of the shop rushed up and was very unpleasant. He said that Mr. Jacko would have to pay for the damage.

"Pay for it indeed!" roared Mr. Jacko, making a dive at Jacko. "I'll stop it out of his pocket-money!"

Jacko didn't wait to hear any more. He thought it best to make himself scarce, and rushed off to find a hiding-place.

Mr. Jacko seized Mrs. Jacko by the arm and stalked off to the carpet department. He was so angry that he could hardly speak, and he wasn't at all in the mood to choose a carpet.

He scoffed at everything the shopman brought out, and Mrs. Jacko got desperate.

At last the shopman rolled a big carpet out of a corner.

"Here you are, sir," he said. "A beautiful carpet with a fine velvety pile."

But when he unrolled the carpet he gave a fearful yell. Something sprang out of it and knocked him over!

It was Jacko, who had been hiding inside. And he was off round the corner in a twinkling.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

The Duke Thinks Twice

A duke was once mounting his horse with an Archbishop of York, and desired the groom to let go the rein.

The groom stupidly retained it. The nobleman snatched it with some violence, and, riding off, called him a fool. But the duke had hardly proceeded a hundred yards when he stopped, saying, "Why did I call that man a fool? I dare say he is not so great a fool as I am to lose my temper."

Instantly turning his horse, he galloped after the man and made his peace, with a kind word and half a crown.

Le Duc Change d'Avis

Un jour un duc enfourchait son cheval, en compagnie d'un archevêque d'York, et pria le groom de lâcher la bride.

Stupidement, le groom la garda en main. Le seigneur la lui arracha avec quelque violence, et, en s'éloignant, le traita d'imbécile. Toutefois, il eut à peine fait une centaine de mètres qu'il s'arrêta, disant: "Pourquoi ai-je traité cet homme d'imbécile? Il est probablement moins imbécile que moi, qui me suis mis en colère."

Immédiatement il fit rebrousser chemin à son cheval, galopa après l'homme et lui fit des excuses, accompagnées d'une parole aimable et d'une demi-couronne.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Lamplighter

PHILIP was very disagreeable, for while he was out playing he had lost his bright new shilling.

In the afternoon Mother had discovered that his rubber boots needed repairing, and as it was very muddy outside and looked like rain he had to play indoors.

For a long time he couldn't settle down to anything, and just as he became really interested in his bricks and had built a cottage and a windmill, Nurse called him to tea.

"Oh, bother!" said Philip.

But after tea Mother sat with Baby Mary on her knee, and Philip sat on the hassock by her feet while she told them of her adventures. Mother always saw such interesting things when she was out. When she was in the middle of the most exciting part in came Nurse.

"The lamplighter has passed," she said.

"Oh, I hate the lamplighter," cried Philip, tears starting to his eyes, for it was time to go to bed when the lamplighter lit the lamp outside the house.

Then Mother looked at Nurse.

"Philip has been rather unfortunate today, Nurse," she said. "First he lost his shilling, then he couldn't go out and play, so we'll let him stay up for an extra half hour."

Philip squeezed Mother's hand gratefully, and though the time went very quickly he went to bed at last without a murmur.

When he opened his eyes the next morning Daddy was standing at the side of his bed,



Philip sat on the hassock

holding out a shilling that shone bright and new in spite of the mud on it.

"As I was coming down the road last night," said Daddy, "I saw something shining in the light of the lamp, and this is what it was."

"Oh, thank you, Daddy," cried Philip. Then he remembered, and he added rather shamefacedly, "And if it hadn't been for the lamplighter I should never have had it."

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

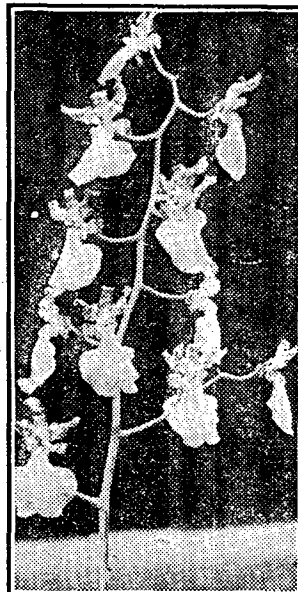
January 30, 1926 Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

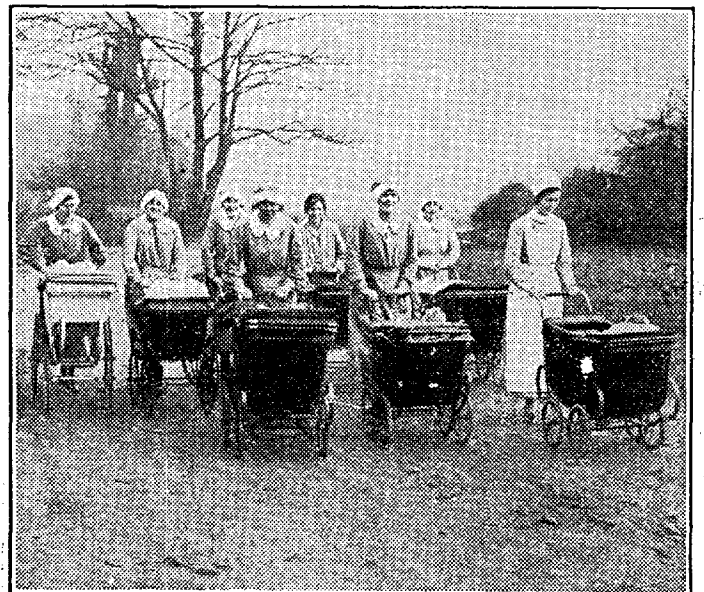
SNOW MEN ON SKATES • THE DANCING ORCHID • FLOODS IN EGYPT



Snow Men on Skates—At a recent skating carnival at the famous winter sports centre of Arosa, in Switzerland, these quaint figures caused much merriment on the rink. Moving snow men had not been seen before.



The Dancing Lady Orchid—Here is a lovely new American orchid, with blooms like dancing dolls.



Modern Babes in the Wood—The babies at the up-to-date Nursery Training Centre at Snaresbrook, Epping Forest, grow up among fine, healthy surroundings, as this picture shows. They take the fresh air in large parties.



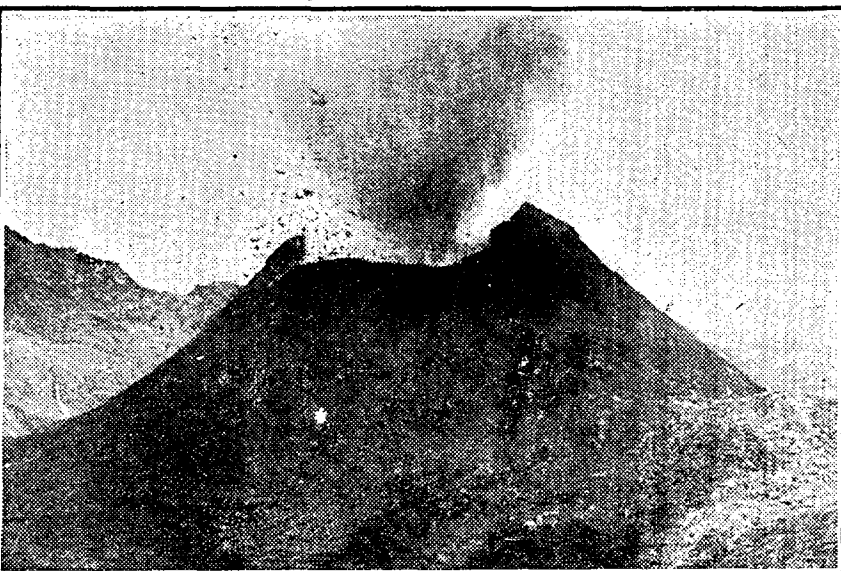
A Revolution in Turkey—After centuries of backwardness Turkey is fast adopting Western ideas, and Turkish ladies now appear in the streets in European costumes.



A Happy Party of Seven—This lady, who lives at Goring Heath, in Oxfordshire, rears dachshunds as a hobby, and has a busy time looking after a family of more than thirty of them. They all live together in the greatest contentment. Dachshund is a German name meaning badger dog, and the animal was introduced to England by the Prince Consort.



The Passing of the Yashmak—Here is a Turkish woman wearing the yashmak, or veil, which is being discarded for modern dress, as shown in the picture on the left.



Vesuvius Active Again—Europe has had her share of earthquakes during the last few months, while Vesuvius has become active again and has been lighting up the sky at night. This remarkable picture, taken at close range, shows the crater in action with ashes being thrown up.



Floods in Egypt—Floods have not been confined to Europe, for the Nile has risen very high this season and has inundated large tracts in the low-lying parts of its valley. Here is a very unusual scene not far south of Cairo of Arabs making their way through the water on camels.

PAINTER TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the proprietors, The Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon and Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency. R/11